

The Sketch.



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The Sketch

No. 1376.—Vol. CVI.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 11, 1919.

ONE SHILLING.



JUST BEFORE HER WEDDING : LADY DIANA MANNERS (NOW LADY DIANA COOPER) AT THE WINDOW.

Lady Diana Manners was a punctual bride, and reached St. Margaret's, Westminster on the stroke of 2.30 for her wedding to Mr. Duff Cooper, which took place on June 2. The photograph

shows her looking from the window of her father's, the Duke of Rutland's house, in Arlington Street, to see if the car is outside—ready to convey her to the church.—[Photograph by Farringdon Photo. Co.]



BY KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

The Amazing Americans.

The one country on the face of this earth that still retains the power of astonishing me is the United States of America. I know something of America. Not only have I been there, but I went right through it from the Atlantic to the Pacific. I went, moreover, not as a delegate, or an Ambassador, or even as a journalist. I went as a simple cousin out of cousinly love—and curiosity.

That was what pleased them, if I may say so, in San Francisco. "Where have you come from?" they asked.

"From London," I replied.

"From London, England?"

"That's the London I mean."

"What for?"

"To have a look at you."

"Not on a job? Not after dollars? Nobody paying your expenses?"

"No. I've heard a lot about you, so I've come to see for myself how much is true."

I was all right from that time on in San Francisco. I think I could have lived there to the end of my natural days. It is pleasant to think that one has San Francisco in store, so to speak. When I am very tired and disheartened, I think of the sunshine on Santa Barbara . . .

A Little Pamphlet.

Well, you have gathered, I hope, that I more than like the Americans. I knew what they would do about the war when once the leash was slipped. I remembered their virility, and their energy, and their ingenuity, and their big way of looking at everything on earth, to say nothing of heaven and hell.

But they still astonish me. They astonished me only two days ago. To my peaceful country home, to the shade of the ash-tree, and the scent of the honeysuckle, and the snore of the sleeping dog, came a package from America. It contained a pamphlet and two stamped addressed envelopes. The envelopes were addressed to the Right Hon. British Premier David Lloyd George and the Right Hon. U.S. American President Woodrow Wilson.

On the front of the pamphlet was a picture of a gentleman named James Watt. He was an elderly gentleman, dressed in the costume of a bygone age, and I read that "World electric science has named the electric unit of power WATT, thereby honouring James Watt, whose genius made possible to humankind the steam-engine, steam-boat, steam-railway, steam-pump, and steam-turbine. . . . A simple story, simply told," concluded the matter below the picture of James Watt.

Turning the page, I came upon a "Letter to Lord Balfour, Chairman Commissions on Weights, Measures, Coinage in Mother Britannia's Parliament O Yez! O Yez!" (A little English touch to flatter the English reader.)

F. O. Wells in the Great War.

This letter, I presently discovered, was all about our weights and measures. It seems that, if we had only adopted the metric system years and years ago, the "German Kaiser" would never have dared to make war. Does that stagger you? Had it ever occurred to you that the German Kaiser forced a war on the world to show his contempt for our weights and measures? No, of course it hadn't; and you are laughing at the idea.

Very well. Pay attention to President F. O. Wells, of the Greenfield (Mass., U.S. America) Machine Tool Company.

"Oh," you may say, "what does President F. O. Wells know about the cause of the war? What are his qualifications to tell me anything about the cause of the war?"

Your question is anticipated in the pamphlet—the qualifications of President F. O. Wells are all set out. Here they are. He made "automatic machine tools for art cap die gage hole jig jag nib nub rim ream slot slip slit slide snip screw tab tip top test terse tie tread trim tug tube zig and zag."

You don't know what all that means? Well, there you are. President F. O. Wells does know, so he has you beat at his own job. And, if at his own job, why not at the world job? Why not at the metric system job?

All the same, I ought to confess that I have not yet written to British Premier David Lloyd George or U.S. American President Woodrow Wilson.



LEAVING THE ORATORY: CAPTAIN ARTHUR HOPE, M.C., COLDSTREAM GUARDS, AND MRS. HOPE (MISS GRIZEL GILMOUR).

Captain Hope is the eldest son of Mr. James Hope, M.P. His wife is the youngest daughter of Brigadier-General and Lady Susan Gilmour.—[Photograph by C.N.]

the cost of a memorial to be erected at Pinner to "Billie Carleton," who died from an overdose of a drug after the Victory Ball."

If that statue is ever erected, I shall certainly make a pilgrimage to see it. I shall want to read the lettering on it, and I shall want to note the precise "form" of the statue. I have seen a statue to the gentleman who founded Sunday Schools; hard by is a statue to the gentleman who expended his life's energy in a brave attempt to make the British working-man shudder at the sight of a pint of ale; I have even seen a statue (of a gentleman who invented biscuits) holding an umbrella.

I am interested in statues. Few are beautiful, but all are interesting. We should either have no statues at all or a great many more. Everybody who figures prominently in the daily Press for ten days in succession should have a statue. All the people who invented tanks should have statues. Indeed, I cannot think of anybody who should not have a statue. Let us make the country one vast jungle of statues, and then go and live somewhere else. (But not, if you don't mind, at Santa Barbara. I could do with half the English population there, but not the whole.)

The Latest Statue.

Read your daily paper with due diligence, and you will nearly always find your reward. Here is a small paragraph of intense interest which I found tucked away only this morning—

"A gentleman who desires to remain unknown has expressed a wish to defray

THE LIGHT SIDE OF THE DERBY.



VICTORY AT 33 TO 1: THE "GRAND PARADE" DERBY.



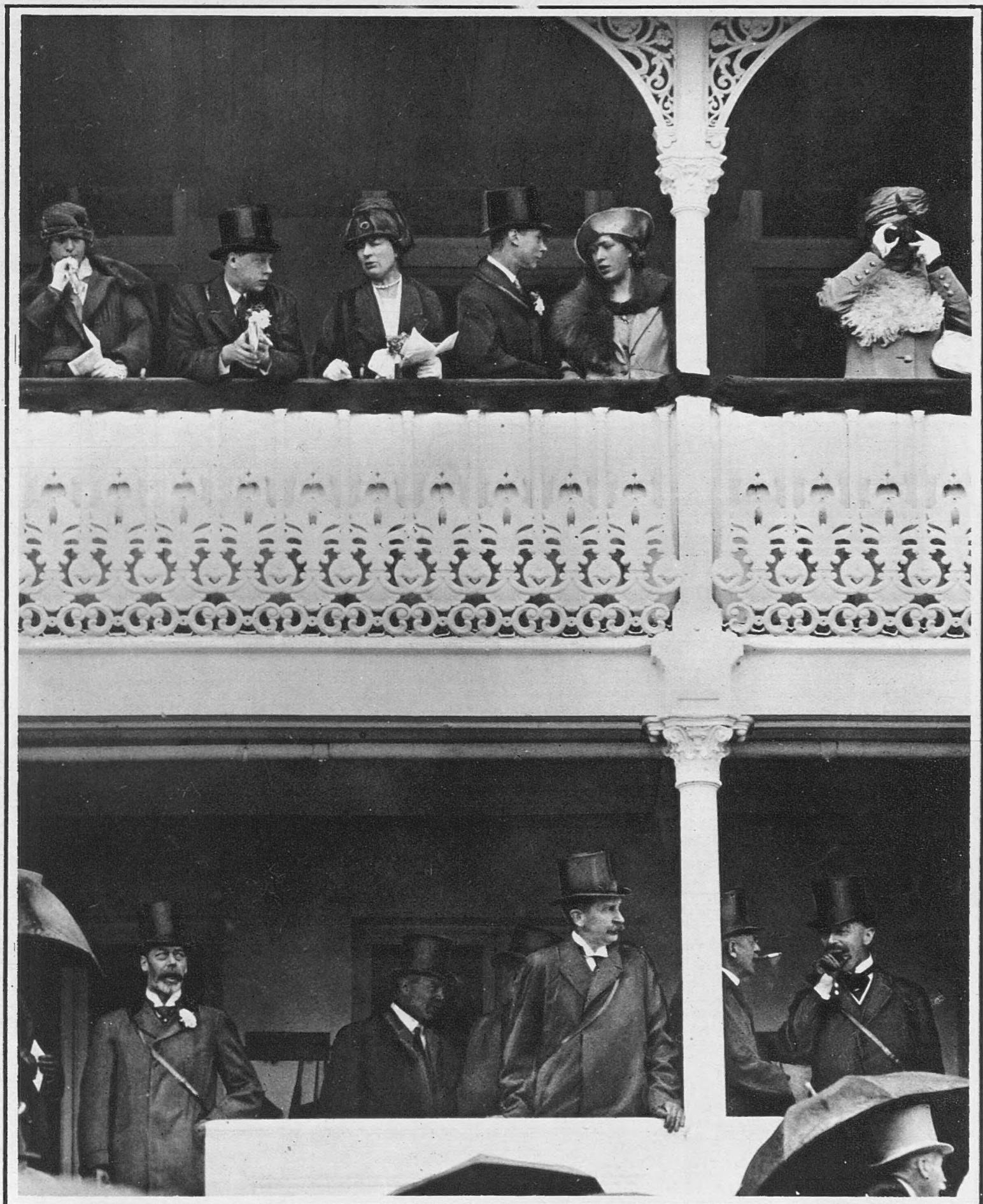
1. THE SURPRISING RACE: "GRAND PARADE" WINNING—"THE PANTHER" NOWHERE.

2. LEADING IN THE WINNER: LORD GLANELY AND HIS HORSE.

The "Victory" Derby was a "Grand Parade" affair in every sense of the word. Sportsmen of every rank and class, headed by Royalty, went to Epsom—to see the favourite "left," and watch

"Grand Parade" win the classic race at 33 to 1. No wonder Lord Glanely's friends greeted the lucky owner enthusiastically as he led his horse in after its sensational win.

THE KING AT EPSOM : IN THE ROYAL BOX ON DERBY DAY.

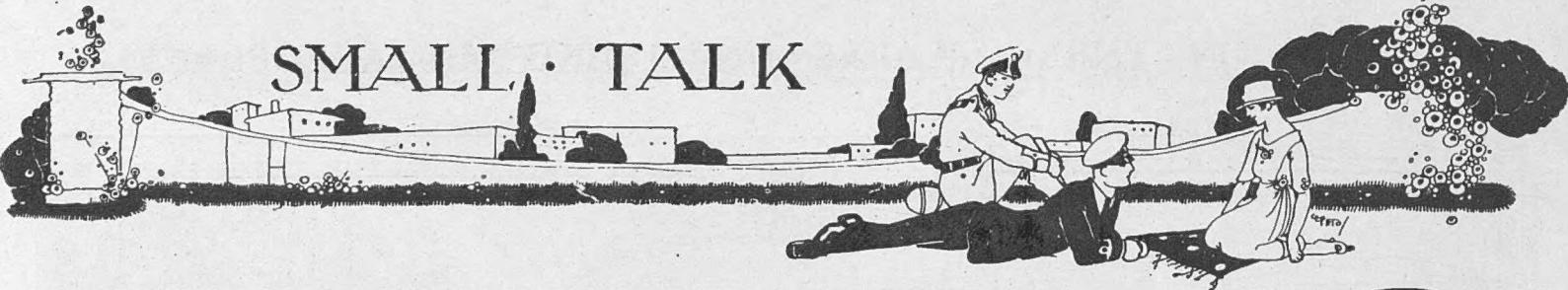


TWO TIERS OF ROYALTY : BETWEEN THE RACE

The King and Queen "trained" down to Epsom for the Derby, accompanied by Princess Mary, the Prince of Wales, Prince Albert, and the other members of the Royal party. Everyone rejoiced that the King should have a victory with "Viceroy" on the occasion of his first visit to a race meeting since the war. Princess Mary must have enjoyed her introduction to the Sport of Kings, for she had

two brothers to instruct her in the points of interest at her first Derby. In the photograph, the King is seen below, while, in the upper tier of the box, the Prince of Wales is the second from the left, Princess Mary is next Prince Albert on the right, and the Queen is looking through her field glasses on the far side of the pillar. Prince Henry was also present.—[Photograph by C.N.]

SMALL TALK



TO MARRY A D.S.O.: MISS MONICA LAWRENCE.

Miss Monica Lawrence, whose engagement to Lieutenant-Colonel W. A. C. Saunders-Knox-Gore, D.S.O., 60th Rifles, is announced, is the younger daughter of the late Mr. R. J. Lawrence, of The Inner Temple, and of Mrs. Lawrence. She has been serving with the First Aid Nursing Yeomanry at Calais.

Photograph by E. O. Hoppé.

be interesting to know whether any Duke's daughter has had a flowerless wedding at Society's own special church for such functions before. Rumours of wonderful decorations failed to materialise. Two miniature trees, with oranges attached, framed the figures of the bride and groom, and for once in a way the guests were able to appreciate the full beauty of the church.

At the Derby. The presence of the King and Queen at the Derby was the one thing required to raise spirits to bubbling point. If the crowds were not so great as had been anticipated, their enthusiasm left nothing to be desired. Even the "drink problem" failed to depress those to whom "liquid refreshment" is essential to a day's enjoyment; and the most casual observer could not fail to be struck by the number of "dug-out" looking conveyances that had evidently been requisitioned as the result of the decision by the bus companies to cancel Derby Day

"DERBY" and "Diana"—the order should be reversed—were the two words that most frequently occurred in conversation last week. Great things had been expected of Lady Diana Manners' wedding, and expectations were fulfilled. The waiting crowd that had only a passing glimpse of gleaming draperies as the bride passed into the church were rewarded later when, arm-in-arm with her bridegroom, she walked the length of the green lawns to the waiting car. Whether this decision to parade for the benefit of the watching crowd was "unrehearsed" or carefully premeditated does not matter. It may be that Lady Diana realised her responsibilities as a national beauty; it may be that she merely wanted to live up to her reputation for originality; but, whatever her motives, those who saw the bride as she walked to the gate with four of Lady Tree's grandchildren congratulated themselves on their reward.

So Rattled. "Darlings, I'm so rattled!" exclaimed the beautiful bride to the few late arrivals who were clustering round the church door. But the sensation, whatever it felt like, was vastly becoming to the owner, and in no way affected the sangfroid with which she directed operations concerning the disposal of her train. It would

contracts—not to mention the "dug-out" suits freely sported by those whose glib assurances that "they'd been through Mons, Sir," were only equalled by their readiness to give away infallible tips to anyone ready to pay for them. It was a great day, this first Peace Derby Day, and the race-loving public celebrated it in a manner befitting the occasion.

Married Quietly. The marriage of the Picturesque Peer, known also as the Ancestor, with Mrs. John Astor came as a complete surprise to the friends of both parties. Lord Ribblesdale carried his aversion to the publicity usually accorded to a Society wedding to the length of pledging the officiating clergyman to secrecy as to the details of the simple ceremony that added a new Lady Ribblesdale to "Debrett." The bride, for her part, was equally careful not to "give the show away," and her own household were in the dark as to the object of the outing on which she started as Mrs. Astor and returned as Lady Ribblesdale.

The Picturesque Bridegroom.

The bridegroom lives up to his title of the Picturesque Peer, and his curly-brimmed topper, long coat, and voluminous "stock" tie are familiar features in the West End. It was King Edward who gave him the name of the "Ancestor," and the title has stuck, for Lord Ribblesdale in himself as well as in his clothes suggests a bygone day. He is one of the few Peers without a town house, contenting himself with Gisburn Park, in

Lancashire, where the honeymoon is being spent.

And the Bride.

The new Lady Ribblesdale is as famous, in her way, as her husband. Members of the select circle known in New York as the "Four Hundred" cannot, as a rule, hide their light, as it were, under a bushel; and in any case the wife of a millionaire is not easily overlooked. This, of course, is a long way from being the first link forged between democratic America and a representative of England's aristocratic Peerage; but the romantic side of the affair, as well as the personality of the bride, has roused immense interest across the Atlantic. Lady Ribblesdale, though completely up-to-date in her appearance, has a passion for collecting old things, and includes some rare furniture amongst her possessions at her house in Grosvenor Square. Beautiful jewels are another of her hobbies, and some notable historic pieces are included in an unusually interesting collection.



TO MARRY MISS MONICA LAWRENCE: LIEUT. - COL. W. A. C. SAUNDERS-KNOX-GORE, D.S.O.

Lieutenant-Colonel W. A. C. Saunders-Knox-Gore is the only son of Colonel and Mrs. Saunders-Knox-Gore, of Belvoir Manor, Ballina, Co. Mayo.

Photograph by Vandyk



TO MARRY MAJOR KING: MISS JEANNE DEMUTH.

Miss Jeanne Demuth, whose marriage to Major J. St. Aubyn King is shortly to take place, is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Demuth, late of Nyassaland.

Photograph by Vandyk.



CHILDREN OF SIR HEREWARD WAKE: AN INTERESTING GROUP.

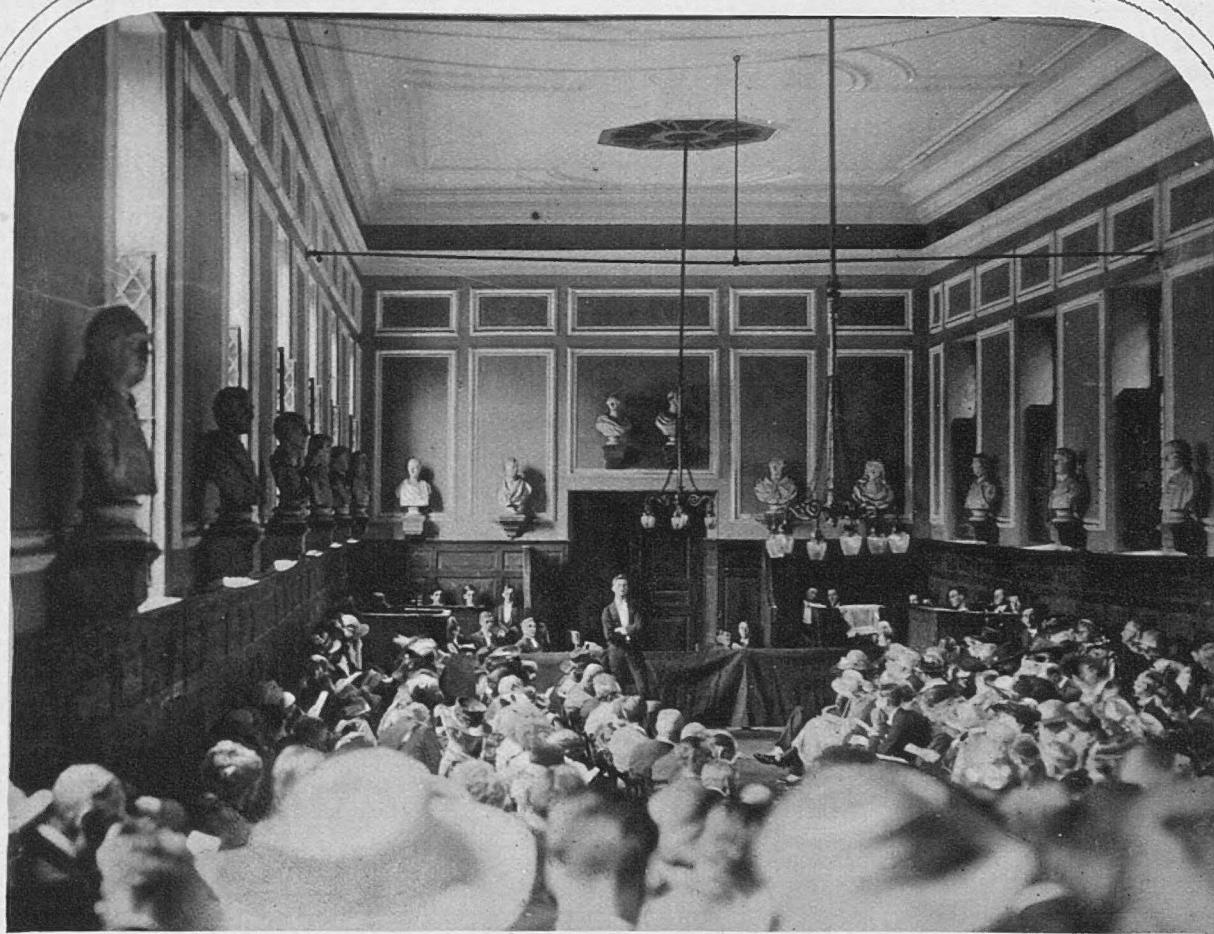
Our photograph shows children of Sir Hereward Wake, C.M.G. D.S.O., and Lady Wake of Courtine Hall, Northampton. Sir Hereward is the thirteenth holder of the title; and Lady Wake was Miss Margaret Winifred Benson, daughter of Mr. Robert Henry Benson, J.P., of South Street, Park Lane. They have two sons and two daughters. The younger son, Roger, was born in 1918.—[Photograph by Miss Compton Collier.]

EVENTS ON THREE PLANES (INCLUDING AN AEROPLANE).



AT 60 GUINEAS : THE HIGHEST BIDDER FOR A FLIGHT WITH HAWKER STEPPING ABOARD.

A COUNTY CRICKETER WITH AN ARTIFICIAL LEG : LIEUT. A. D. DENTON (CENTRE); WITH HIS TWIN BROTHERS.



THE FIRST REAL "FOURTH OF JUNE" AT ETON FOR FIVE YEARS : SPEECH DAY IN THE HISTORIC HALL—AN ITEM ON THE PROGRAMME.

When Mr. Hawker, of Atlantic fame, visited Hendon, there was so much competition to fly with him that seats were auctioned. Miss Daisy King, of Leeds, got the first flight with the highest bid—60 guineas.—Lieutenant A. D. Denton (Royal West Kents), lost his right leg in the war, but, notwithstanding, was chosen to

play for Northamptonshire against Lancashire. He is seen above with his twin brothers, W. H. and J. H. Denton.—For the first time since the war began the Fourth of June was fully celebrated at Eton last Wednesday, and was a source of obvious delight to the boys and their friends alike.

IN FANCY DRESS: JOHN AND JOAN.



1



2



3

1. SON OF MISS GLADYS COOPER (MRS. HERBERT BUCKMASTER) :
MASTER JOHN BUCKMASTER.

2. WEARING HIS "PEARLIES" WITH A CHEVALIER AIR : MASTER
JOHN BUCKMASTER.

3. A CHARMING LITTLE PIERROT : MISS JOAN BUCKMASTER.

Miss Joan and Master John Buckmaster are the children of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Buckmaster. Their mother, of course, is well known on the stage as Miss Gladys Cooper, and is likewise very popular

in Society. From the serene composure with which they wear their fancy dress, it may, perhaps, be inferred that they will take after her in histrionic ability.—[Photographs by Rita Martin.]

WOMEN WHO RACE: WELL-KNOWN FEMININE OWNERS.



LADY JAMES DOUGLAS.



LADY ESMÉ GORDON.



MRS. ARTHUR JAMES.



THE MARCHIONESS OF QUEENSBERRY.



VISCOUNTESS TORRINGTON; WITH HER BROTHERS.



THE MARCHIONESS CONYNGHAM.

Women owners have had an astonishing success on the Turf during the last two seasons. Lady James Douglas, who was one of the first women to register her own colours, won five races last year, and headed the list of amounts won by owners on the Turf during 1918. This year has seen Royal Bucks

bring the Marchioness of Queensberry a sensational success; while Viscountess Torrington, who takes an active part in the training of her horses, owns All Alone, and has won seven races since the beginning of the season; and Mrs. Hugh Peel's Poethlyn won the Grand National for her.



CROWNS · CORONETS · COVRIERS



MOTHER OF A DUKE - TO - BE :
THE MARCHIONESS OF GRANBY.
The Marquess and Marchioness of Granby now have a son and heir—born on May 28. Before her marriage to the Duke of Rutland's son, which took place in 1916, Lady Granby was Miss Kathleen Tennant, daughter of Mr. Francis Tennant, and niece of Lord Glenconner.—[Photograph by Yeoville.]

and liked to start their partnership with the most elusive wedding of a big-type season.

A Westminster Plum. The Duke of Westminster is parting with "Mrs. Siddons." On July 4 Sir Joshua's portrait of that lady as "The Tragic Muse" will be sold at

Lord Ribblesdale and his bride married on a Saturday, and yet dodged the Sunday papers! No lists of presents, no snapshots, no trousseau—none of the jaunty head-lines with which the Sunday journalist so gaily breaks the Sabbath. The smudgier the snapshots and the more familiar the paragraphs, the less are they to the liking both of Lord and the new Lady Ribblesdale. Lady Ribblesdale's beauty is familiar to all Londoners; but not through the medium of the sniper with the camera. In common with some other Anglo-Americans who never advertise, she likes London because privacy is more easily maintained here than in New York.

Hide and Seek. Lord Ribblesdale, of course, is an easy mark for the celebrity-monger. "That's Lord Ribblesdale—who's the lady?" is a query one may hear passing down any row of chairs in the Park when he goes walking with a daughter. "That's Mrs. Astor; who's the man?" would be equally likely—unless the man were Lord Ribblesdale. Together they give a double opportunity to the identifying onlooker—she with her lovely complexion and white hair, and he with his "lifelike likeness" to the Sargent portrait. It follows, naturally, that they are both a little bored with publicity,

Christie's. She has been in the family nearly a hundred years—time enough for her and her attitude to grow a trifle stale and stiff. And she is expensive to keep, under the present scheme of taxation. The Grosvenor who bought her backed a winner; she cost the family under two thousand pounds. At Christie's, bidding will start at twenty thousand at the least—"just to make a start"—and rise a thousand at a time—if the room is timid!

A Tragic Figure.

But it won't be timid. It will be a top-hat day at Christie's—the Goodwood of the picture-buyers. Some American, doubtless, will celebrate Independence Day with a cabled commission. It is one of the famous pictures of the world, and will make its buyer famous. To own it is almost—almost!—like owning a Derby winner. The Duke should visit King Street on the 4th to take a last look at "The Tragic Muse," for the bidding, to an interested party, should prove, if not tragic, at least amusing.

Treasure Trove.

While the Duke is losing treasures—at a price—Mr. Balfour is finding them. But may he keep them? On an isolated part of his Whittingehame estates excavators have unearthed silver vessels dating from the fourth century. They form a collection of extraordinary value—and finding is more economical than buying. But are they treasure trove? Do they belong to "A. J. B." or to the Crown?

'E Won't Do!

No more chaperons? Well, perhaps not; but they are there negatively, because we constantly hear of their not being there. And in all these denials they keep that irritating and incorrect "e"; they are no more, but their epitaphs always make them chaperones. Sir J. M. Barrie has just once more written and printed them as such. Now, a "chaperon" is French for a protecting hood and cloak; hence, figuratively, a guardian of the young and tender. But so possessed is the English mind of that "e" that an old General, recently urging a mother to let her girls go to a party under his care, wrote his plea that, though he could not be a chaperone, he might serve as a chaperon—which would have needed a deal of camouflage. There is no feminine to the French noun; but it's not a man, for all that.



WIFE OF THE NEW MILITARY SECRETARY: LADY CHETWODE.

Lady Chetwode is the wife of Lieutenant-General Sir Philip Chetwode, Bt., K.C.B., K.C.M.G., D.S.O., who takes up his appointment as Military Secretary to the Secretary of State this month. The photograph shows Lady Chetwode with her eldest son, Roger, now 13 years old, and her daughter, Penelope.—[Photograph by Elliott and Fry.]



A HAPPY PAIR: "SPLASH" ASHMORE AND HIS FIANCEE.

The engagement of Major-General E. B. Ashmore C.B., C.M.G., M.V.O., to Miss Betty Parsons, daughter of the Vicar of Tandridge, has just been announced. General Ashmore is a distinguished soldier, and commands the Air Defences of London. He is also a keen musician, and is a member of the Philharmonic Society.

Photograph by C.N.



A DECORATED NURSE :
MISS M. BAXTER.

Miss M. Baxter, R.R.C., nursed in France during 1914-15, and wears the Mons ribbon as well as the R.R.C., which she received for her bravery and nursing services. After her return from France, Miss Baxter was in charge of the Coulter Hospital, Grosvenor Square.

DRAWING LONDON TO HAMMERSMITH: "ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

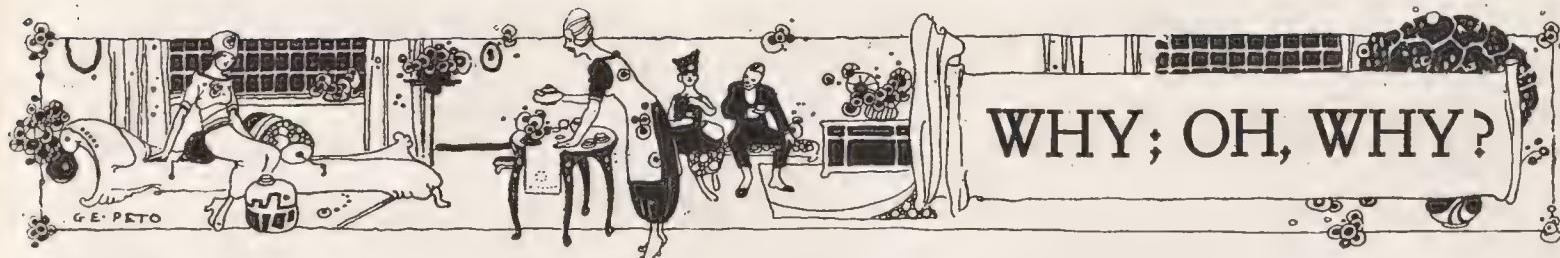


AN OUTSTANDING THEATRICAL SUCCESS: MR. WILLIAM J. REA AS ABRAHAM LINCOLN AT THE LYRIC OPERA HOUSE, HAMMERSMITH.

The wonderful success of Mr. John Drinkwater's historical play, "Abraham Lincoln," proves that there is a large public waiting for the new serious drama. The play owes much of its popularity to the fine acting of the name-part by Mr. William Rea,

who brings out what has been called "the Barnard Statue side" of Lincoln's character, as well as his moral sublimity. The photographs show him at different stages of his career, from the offer of the Presidency in 1860 to his death in 1865.

Photographs by Malcolm Arbuthnot.



WHY, the Gentle Inquirer is inclined to ask, oh, why are we all running round after each other in such a stupendous hurry, when we might just sit still and enjoy ourselves? Isn't the war over—not counting, of course, Mr. Churchill's private and confidential vendetta with the Bolsheviks? Haven't we got an opera to parade at once more in the intervals of pretending to listen to the music? Aren't the clerical persons who are licensed to perform marriages on or off the premises worked off their right reverend feet by the stampede of war-worn débutantes? Then, what earthly need is there to tear about and do things, when we might all sit under our little fig-trees, sampling our corn and wine and oil (nearly all of which are de-controlled now, and cost about eight times as much as they did during the late war, when Private Enterprise was stifled and deprived of its Sacred Initiative and Incentive to Industry by wicked State Intervention), and watch the wheels beginning to go round again? It is a great sight, really.

Why does not some guardian angel intervene to protect young couples from the horrors of the furnished flat? They get off the mark shortly after lunch to an accompaniment of cheers from the assembled ancestry and a heavy barrage of sentiment, warning, and advice about the delights, responsibilities, dangers, risks, perils, and satisfaction of setting up Their Home. Then they proceed—after a short interval occupied principally with brawls in railway stations—to set it up. But they aren't allowed to. The only thing that they are permitted to establish by the pleasing customs of the Twentieth-Century English is somebody else's home. They set up their landlord's dining-table and faked Chippendale chairs. They establish the last tenant's sofa (one end slightly damaged and unreliable for Mark VI. aunts). They get together the piano, fire-irons, and refrigerator of the previous occupier. And they are expected to pretend that it is a home. Whereas the little dears are not householders, as they fondly hoped, but caretakers, which is an honourable

the furnished-flat trick is bound to have on Our Home-loving People. It has deprived them of all sense of domestic responsibility. Nobody minds nowadays, if you let jam into the innermost recesses of the sofa or work a thoroughly British pattern of lobster into the Persian convolutions of the dining-room carpet. And the most serious consequence is that the absence of Real Household Ties is driving the young people to Gad About and Dine in Public Places. They always have, really; but by a sound old tradition one is always



NOT A "SLOW" COACH: DIRECTING A WOMAN'S EIGHT.

Rowing women of to-day do not copy men's methods slavishly! Miss Naze, when coaching the crew from the London School of Medicine for Women, in preparation for their contest with the Newham Eight, used no megaphone to assist her voice to carry—nor did she require to ride a bicycle, or get on horseback in order to keep pace with her crew. The Superwoman of 1919 is nothing if not active.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

bound to pretend that the restaurants were all empty until the week before last, and that the world will come suddenly and very wickedly to an end if everybody dines out any more. But why?

Why, oh, why, my people (this sounds—doesn't it?—a little like the libretto of a singularly Handelish oratorio, and should be repeated seventeen times to music, until you are strong enough to think of the next three words; you then proceed at a similar rate through the entire Book of Artemas, or whatever it is, completing the whole performance in forty days and forty nights. This is quaintly called the Leeds Festival. What *were* we saying? Oh, yes. Just let me out of these brackets, will you? I got shut in), why do none of the proud and beautiful ladies who cavort or galumph, as the case may be, about our streets in flowing capes look half as impressive as the Italian military and police gentlemen upon whose tailoring they have apparently modelled their young selves? The man who used to stop the traffic—or wind it up again; I forget which—at the end of the Via Condotti was far more effective than all our *capa y spada* madams and misses, even though half the population of Paris does spend its time thinking out their next curly suit of clothes. And all because women, if the truth must emerge, never really come off in imitation male costumes. And That's That.

Why, fifthly and lastly, my sisters, is there no rule to prevent rather (if the truth be told) ordinary-looking persons like you and me from putting wreaths in our hair when we go to the theatre of a night? Of course, we may look like Greek goddesses that way—and then, again we may not. But in any case one is faintly jarred by the spectacle of a row of Heras and Hebes watching Mr. George Robey; and when Aphrodite gets up suddenly to catch the last train to Golder's Green—no, really. The only way of stopping it is a counter-attack by the other sex. Any entries for a procession of Greek gods down the Hippodrome gang-plank?



A JUNE DÉBUTANTE: THE "LORRIBUS."

The "Lorribus" was "presented"—to the British Public—last week. Her "coming out" is an important social event, as it is hoped that she will relieve the overcrowding of omnibuses and so terminate the active-service conditions for Londoners and reduce the casualties on the 'Bus Battlefields. The lorries now running are fitted up as substitute 'buses and provided with numbers and direction-boards.—[Photograph by Topical.]

and long-established profession, but hardly the situation that they were looking for. A pity. And why? Because—just half a minute whilst I run round into the next paragraph.

Why?—oh, confound these conjunctions—I mean because. Because, you know, there aren't any homes within sixty miles of Oxford Circus designed to contain families and staff of less than twenty-five. And the chief pity of it is the demoralising effect that

FIFTH - GEORGIANS IN EARLY GEORGIAN STYLE.



A Hero of the Ring & his Agent.
The NATIONAL SPORTING CLUB.
taken from life.

AT THE NATIONAL SPORTING CLUB. I.—JIMMY WILDE—AND FRIEND.

Jimmy Wilde has signed an agreement to box Pal Moore, who defeated him at the Albert Hall, or Pete Herman, of America, for the World's Bantam Championship and a purse of £5000. His opponent will fight at 8 st. 5 lb. at the ring side. Our reproduction

is from a hand-coloured etching by George Belcher, printed and published by him at 6, William Street, Knightsbridge. The series will be continued in the pages of *The Sketch*, and will no doubt find wide appreciation.—[From the Etching by George Belcher.]

DANCING DAYS AND NIGHTS

GLADYS PETO



By PHYLLIS MONKMAN.

THE first Derby of after-the-war is past, and one of the most memorable Derby Balls of London life has passed, too. The Savages, who dwell Adelphi way, have given their great ball at the Albert Hall, and it isn't surprising that the organiser, Margaret Chute, looked happy in the middle of the kaleidoscopic crowd that surged round the great floor.

Everybody was there—everybody of note in social, theatrical, and artistic London. Royalty smiled from boxes; theatrical stars exchanged greetings; paper streamers hurtled through the air; and joyous Savages pranced gaily till midnight became morning. Lady Markham had a large party in the Royal Box, including some notabilities from far Brazil; the Marchioness of Carisbrooke was one of Sir Herbert Morgan's party; Marie Löhr looked particularly lovely; and Lily Brayton's box, because illness kept her away from the ball in which she had taken so much interest, was used by a gay crowd of Eastern beauties from "Chu Chin Chow."

The huge lighted programmes, suspended each side of the orchestra, were a great success—so much more convenient than dance-programmes, with those wretched little pencils that always refuse to write. Baribal—of the exquisite posters—had designed these big painted programmes; and as for John Hassall's Rendezvous Signs, they were a perfect joy—people laughed as they passed along, and some specially quaint design caught their eyes.

Most of us made a bee-line for the sign called "UNKLE"—so easy to remember, and so unmistakable. What luck if every big ball had so many brilliant folk to carry out the decoration scheme! I didn't really forget the fantastic stencilled scroll, from designs by G. L. Stamp, that raced right round the three tiers of boxes—a riot of colour against the black, red, and blue that formed the colours of the Savage Club. A wonderful night, fitting finale to a wonderful day—and a tribute to a wonderful club.

"Come up on the roof," said my hostess when I went on to a small dance after the theatre the other night. It was given in a big block of flats, and the hostess happened to live on the top storey. Now the roof turned out to be perfectly flat, and extremely adaptable; also well screened by a wall about four feet in height.

So the hostess had a flash of inspiration. Said she, memories of New York lingering in her mind, "If it's fine, why shouldn't we dance on the roof? Gramophone, and so on—I'll get permission."

So forth she sallied, and in due course the necessary permission was forthcoming. Thus it happened that on my late arrival I was requested to ascend to the roof. And there, under a perfectly peaceful sky, I found several couples fox-trotting gaily to the music of an excellent gramophone. Later, some brave spirits descended, to return with two frying-pans, a gong, and a tin bucket. They set to work in grim earnest, and soon we had, with gramophone

obbligato, a very passable imitation of a jazz band. It was jolly good fun; and I hear rumours of many roof-dances for the Dog Days ahead.

Why doesn't someone provide London with a theatre, restaurant, roof-garden, and dance-hall combined—the roof-garden glassed in all round, *à la* New York? I know of a certain site, in a certain famous thoroughfare, that would be ideal for such an enterprise. Daily I pass it; daily I expect to see that someone has snapped it up; daily it remains untouched. Of course, by the time

somebody thinks about it, collects a syndicate, employs an architect, gets the building put up, and eventually starts business, the dancing craze will have had its final wriggle and passed away. We are like that!

So at last there is a night club on purpose for those who do not want to "dress" in the evening. That is good hearing, for there are many really enthusiastic dancers who would give a lot to dance for an hour before going

A DANCE-STEP: POSED BY MISS IVY SHILLING.

Photograph by Arbuthnot.

home after a day's hard work. But the ordinary dance club is barred to them, because they have neither time nor inclination to go all the way home—probably to a distant suburb—change, and get back to the West End.

That has always seemed a great pity to me; and the new club certainly ought to do well, if it advertises sufficiently the fact that evening dress is not essential.

On the Continent there is nothing more popular than a real live Bal Masqué. In France, people seem to think that half the joy of a fancy-dress dance is the masked part of the proceedings, followed by a riot of merriment when unmasking time arrives. Over here, we have had masked balls at Covent Garden; but they have never been quite the same as their Continental cousins. London has never known the equal of the famous Bal des Quat'z Arts—and never will, probably. We are too self-conscious for that.

But I have heard lately of a masked ball—one given by Lady Betty Trafford and Mrs. Francis, a very intriguing affair, where everyone wore black-and-white dominoes and masks—men and women alike. At twelve o'clock everyone unmasked, and some very clever "impersonations" were discovered. And now the Women's Legion are to have a Bal Masqué of their very own—in June, at the Hyde Park Hotel.

Here again dominoes are to be worn—the colours Lady Londonderry has chosen for them are red, white, and blue—and everyone entering the ball-room must be masked. It ought to be a great success; and, as not more than 800 tickets will be sold, intending revellers should apply without delay to the secretary, Lieutenant J. H. Benton, Manchester House, Duke Street, W. Apart from the fact that the Women's Legion deserves a lot of support, the ball itself sounds so amusing and original that it deserves to be a success. And, so far, not a word about jazz in connection with it! Can it be possible that?



A DANCE-STEP: POSED BY MISS IVY SHILLING.

Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.

TWO FEET—ONE SHILLING: SOME VERY UNCOMMON MEASURES.



FEATS OF THE UNAIDED FEET: A NEW KIND OF "TICKLE-TOE," AND OTHER STEPS,
BY MISS IVY SHILLING.

Miss Ivy Shilling, one of the most graceful and vigorous exponents of the acrobatic style in dancing, is appearing still in "The Lilac Domino," at the Empire, where she is giving some new

dances with her partner, Mr. Ernest Marini. For toe-dancing, it will be noted, she can disdain the use of toe-caps, and rely on the unaided strength of what the faculty calls her phalanges.

Photographs by Malcolm Arbuthnot.

STRICTLY PERSONAL

FAMOUS LAWN - TENNIS PLAYERS.—II.

BY BURTON BALDRY.

AS every lawn-tennis player of note in this country has been serving in one or other of the branches of his Majesty's Forces, it is only possible to dwell on the pre-war records of the players, first among whom one would unhesitatingly place Major J. C. Parke. By July 1914 Mr. Parke, as he then was, had done everything worth doing in the lawn-tennis world, apart from annexing the Championship. He had beaten Mr. Norman Brookes in a famous Davis Cup Tie in Australia; he had beaten Mr. Wilding in the Northern Championship; and he had beaten Mr. MacLoughlin. His other successes are too numerous to record. An Irishman with nearly a score of International Cups for Rugby football to his credit, he is extremely fast on the court; and, being as hard as nails, he can last out the most strenuous match and come off the court perfectly fresh. He is very strong off the ground, and safe overhead; he selects the right ball to come upon, and for that reason generally beats the confirmed base-liner. He has a famous forehand drive, executed when running at top speed, which necessitates the most perfect timing and footwork. He has been twice wounded in the war, and it is difficult to say how this will affect his play.

Mr. F. G. Lowe, who has recently won the Championship of Mesopotamia, is a player who, through lack of initiative, has never come up to expectations. He is a base-liner pure and simple, but lacking the forehand drive of Mr. S. H. Smith or Mr. A. W. Gore. He is steady, accurate to a degree, driving as well on his backhand as on his forehand. For consistency of driving strokes he cannot be surpassed; but he lacks a winning shot, and he has no lawn-tennis craft worth mentioning. He relies more on his opponents' mistakes than on his own efforts for scoring aces. He has won many Championships, and will probably win many more; but he will never be a great player.

His brother, Major A. H. Lowe, is a much better player in many ways, although he has not met with the same success. For one thing, previous to the war business ties prevented him from playing very much, and when he did appear he was often badly out of practice. He has a puzzling service, his racket passing across the ball from right to left. He has a sound forehand drive, with a good deal of speed behind it; but he does not come to the net often enough, and so loses many good openings made by his driving ability.

Mr. C. P. Dixon has started playing again, and if he strikes his form he should prove a difficult man to beat. A good many summers have smiled upon him and left him as cheerful as ever, but a little less agile. He is a delightful player to watch, if only because of the fact that he makes lawn-tennis appear such an easy game to play. His power of anticipation is so great that the ball always appears to come to his racket. He seldom has to hurry, and, if such a thing should be necessary, he smiles and allows the ball to go. He beat Mr. Wilding at Stockholm, but he is so good-natured that he said it was a fluke.

Mr. H. Roper Barrett, who has partnered Mr. Dixon in many famous matches, is still, in spite of his age, a power to be reckoned with. Mr. Barrett has no particular stroke by which he is known, and he has no one stroke that can be called very good; but there is much more behind many of his simple-looking shots than the average spectator imagines. Every stroke is carefully thought out, made with a minimum of effort, and is placed in the most awkward part of the court for his opponent.

Mr. A. W. Gore, a former holder of the Championship, is also reaching the veteran stage; but, though his wonderful forehand drive may have lost some of its sting, it is still good enough to beat most of our younger players—and many of the older ones. It is hit without top spin, and comes low across the net at a terrific rate. Mr. Gore is an excellent example of the fact that it is not necessary to give one's life to a game in order to reach the topmost rung of the ladder of success. Even during the Wimbledon meeting, I believe, he works in his office all the morning, and catches

the midday train to Wimbledon to play a match. His best lawn-tennis days may be over, but I am sure Wimbledon will see him again.

Mr. A. E. Beamish is still in France, and it does not appear likely he will be demobilised in time for serious lawn-tennis this season. He is the stylist among lawn-tennis players, having modelled his play on that of Mr. H. L. Doherty. Every stroke he plays is carried through to a most perfect finish. Tall, and graceful in all his movements, his shots show the art of lawn-tennis carried to the highest pitch of perfection. It is a pity his temperament is so uncertain, for though it often lets him down and makes him appear in a class below his true form, he could on his day beat any player in the world.

Of the other well-known English players, Colonel A. R. F. Kingscote failed in 1914 to come up to the reputation that preceded him after several years in India. He is a stylish player, with many good strokes. Major T. M. Mavrogordato is an English Davis Cup representative who played for Oxford against Cambridge in 1904-5, and has won many tournaments; but he never appears to give of his best at Wimbledon.

Mr. P. M. Davson, who beat Mr. G. L. Patterson so decisively at Queen's, is a good all-rounder who is better on a wood surface than on grass.

There is little chance of Mrs. Lambert Chambers finding a serious rival in her claims to the Ladies' Championship. Her almost monotonous accuracy and hard driving on both wings make her the finest lady player there has been for many years. Mrs. Larcombe, with her pretty volleying, and Miss Ryan, with her energy, may run her close; and she may be worried by Mrs. Beamish, who has improved enormously. There are some promising lady players among the younger generation, notably Miss Bristowe and Miss Palmer. They play a vigorous and varied game; and Miss Bristowe has an excellent service, and hits hard.



AND SUN-HAT: MR. C. P.
DIXON AT CHISWICK.
Photograph by Sport and General.



AVIATORS AT LAWN-TENNIS: MR. L. RAYMOND
(LEFT) AND MR. B. I. C. NORTON.

In the final of the Gentlemen's Open Singles, Middlesex Championship, Mr. L. Raymond beat Mr. B. I. C. Norton. Both these players are South Africans and aviators. Mr. Raymond was shot down when flying over the German lines last September and was taken prisoner.

Photograph by Sport and General.

A New Series by Fontan: No. II.**SA MARRAINE!***(Original in the Possession of the Reschal Galleries, 21, Rue Joubert, Paris.)*

A PATH OF ROSES: THE COOPER-MANNERS



LADY DIANA COOPER AND HER HUSBAND: LEAVING

Lady Diana Manners' marriage to Mr. Duff Cooper, D.S.O., "went" with the swing and the success which the world expected. As a spectacle—from the Society and the artistic point of view—it could not have been excelled. The guests assembled to the Coronation March from "Boris Godounov" and the "Tannhäuser" march; the church was not over-decorated; the bride looked her beautiful best in gold tissue covered by

ERS COUPLE ON THEIR WEDDING DAY.



VING ST. MARGARET'S AFTER THE CEREMONY.

wonderful lace; Lord Elcho, Lady Caroline Paget, and the Hon. Michael Charteris made self-possessed train-bearers; and there was a picturesque departure arranged for bride and groom when the ceremony was over: as Lady Diana Cooper and her husband left St. Margaret's, four children in vivid green—all grandchildren of Lady Tree and the late Sir Herbert—greeted the pair by showering roses in their path.

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ALL WHITE AND GOLD : LADY DIANA WITH HER PAGES.



AT ARLINGTON STREET : LADY DIANA COOPER IN HER WEDDING-DRESS.

Lord Elcho and the Hon. Michael Charteris, who were Lady Diana Manners' pages, are her nephews, being the sons of

ensemble of the wedding *cortège* was carried out by the brocaded suits worn by the pages, and successfully emphasised the brilliantly fair colouring of the bride.

Camera-Portrait by Hugh Cecil.

WHO'S WHO AT LADY DIANA'S WEDDING: PERSONALITIES.



1. MR. KENNERLEY RUMFORD, AND MME. CLARA BUTT.

3. MR. BIRRELL AND LADY BONHAM-CARTER.

2. LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL AND MRS. WINSTON CHURCHILL.

4. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT AND LADY PATRICIA RAMSAY.

Everyone, of course, went to the Cooper—Manners wedding. Distinguished personalities in Society, Politics, and Art were packed in every pew. Royalty was represented by the Duke of Connaught and Lady Patricia Ramsay; Lord Ernle, who, as Mr. Frothero, did such splendid work throughout the war, left the church chatting

to Mr. Kennerley Rumford and his wife, Mme. Clara Butt. Lady Bonham-Carter, Mr. Asquith's elder daughter, walked part of the way with Mr. Birrell, who was one of the many political "well-knowns" present; and Lady Randolph Churchill—now Mrs. Montagu Porch—came with her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Winston Churchill.

WHO'S WHO AT LADY DIANA'S WEDDING: GUESTS LEAVING.



LORD AND LADY SAVILE.



MR. AND MRS. ASQUITH.



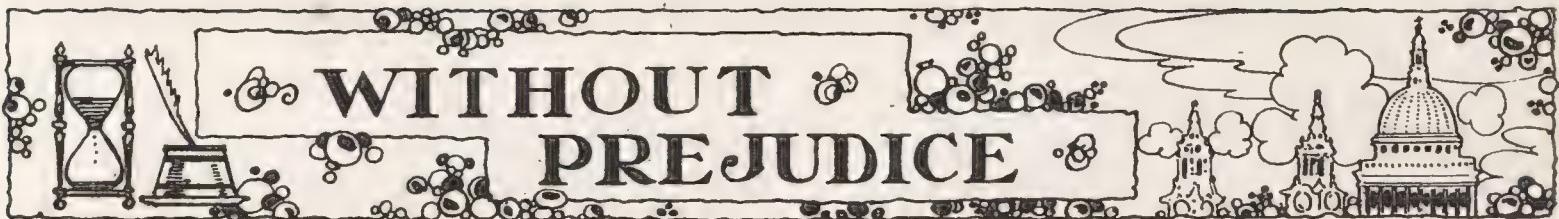
THE MARQUIS DE SOVERAL; AND PRINCESS ANTOINE BIBESCO.



THE COUNTESS OF LYTON AND LADY HERMIONE LYTON.

The dresses worn at the Cooper-Manners wedding were, naturally, a veritable fashion parade. Lady Savile's simple elegance was much admired. She is herself a war bride, having been married to Lord Savile in 1916, before which she was Miss Esmé Wolton. The Asquiths are among the bride's most intimate friends, and Princess Antoine Bibesco, who was so recently married at St. Mar-

garet's, was among the best-dressed women in the decorative gathering. The Marquis de Soveral is one of the best-known figures in London Society, and was a prominent member of King Edward the Seventh's circle of friends. The Countess of Lytton, who came with her fourteen-year-old daughter, Lady Hermione Lytton, was, before her marriage in 1902, Miss Pamela Chichele-Flowden.



THAT much and variously misquoted young person who remarked in the course of the Eighteenth Century and in the hearing of the Reverend Laurence Sterne (who would infallibly have got St. James's, Piccadilly in these times), that they order this matter better in France can never have been within a mile of Drury Lane during the "Cyrano" revival. Or perhaps the explanation is that, although they may order this kind of thing in Paris, they never get it—like all the frantic gentlemen who sit in restaurants of a night and slowly dwindle in the esteem of their Fair Charges (this means their ladies, not their bills), because nobody pays the slightest attention to their orders. Because one has never seen a French production that was in any serious sense "mounted." You remember all the preliminary propaganda about the *décor* of "Chantecler" itself—how the birds were to be such birds as never were, and the farmyard was to be such a farmyard as never had been. And then *parturient montes*—and the Porte Saint Martin produced something which, so far as effects were concerned, would hardly have brought a blush of pride to the blue chin of a provincial Empodrome manager.

But whatever they may do in France, we indubitably order this matter (and get it) better in the reunited province of Loraine, don't we? The whole picture background in front of which Cyrano so magnificently raves and postures is admirably studied. Edmond Dulac, who appears—if one may judge from this and his operatic designs—to be taking kindly to the theatre, has gone conscientiously to the picture-books for his Louis XIII. costumes, and it all looked rather like one of those illustrated affairs that good little French boys get for birthday presents with pictures of Richelieu, D'Artagnan, and other contemporary toughs by the persevering Job—the historical illustrator, not the fellow that got put into the Bible because they knew that Mr. H. G. Wells would want to write a book about him and couldn't (Mr. Arnold Bennett having

years later in amethyst-coloured velvet. And the ladies were charmingly cork-screwed, ringleted, and—not in the circus sense—barebacked. Indeed, one of them (Act I., Scene 1, that one) frightened some of us more than a little by her dorsal emergence from the shelter with which a benevolent management had provided her. However.

It was such fun to get Robert Loraine back from the clouds, and still nicer to have him the other evening come before the curtain and push a little speech out from behind that incredible, that more than Bergeracian Cyranose—and all to tell us that he had become his own management and was going on with the production. His voice was really right, and especially in the dark Dulac blue of the last scene, when we were all snivelling quietly in our stalls and re-powdering hastily as the cruel lights went up for the band to play "God Save the King" by. He is a Nactor who takes the trouble to act instead of wandering on, as so many of our lazier favourites do, in a rather casual impersonation of himself in the last part in which he appealed to himself as being really like himself (Messrs. Hawtrey, Du Maurier, and Asche kindly note and please send all challenges to duels to our solicitor).

Mr. Loraine and Mr. Dennis Eadie are two—and, excepting, perhaps, the *rococo* Mr. Lion, almost the only two—among our actors who Act. It is a good habit. One should encourage it. His Cyrano is not faultless: whose could be, if all the people who talk loudly about the inimitability of Coquelin are to be kept in a good temper? But it is a real Cyrano. Which is something.

Miss Stella Campbell sounds sometimes and on some notes incredibly like her mother, and struggles bravely with the supercumbent folds of silliness that Rostand wrapped so tightly round the *précieuse* Roxane—a name which modern-minded young persons had previously believed to be the copyright of Miss Doris Keane.

It is a good affair, this production. But why did the Spanish army dress so alarmingly like the little fellows who trot on between the kills at a bull-fight to sweep up the casualties? Surely Oliveira's infantry wore something a trifle less musical-comedy than the suits which Mr. Dulac has attributed to them. But perhaps the young lady with the gorgeous Spanish shawl in the nth row of the stalls could have put us right on that. We must really manage an introduction.



"OLD LONDON CRIES" IN EATON SQUARE : LADY EDITH STOPFORD AND THE HON. VERA GAGE. A happy idea was carried out at Viscountess Barrington's Bazaar in aid of her Village Homes for Disabled Soldiers and Sailors—ladies in Society dressing in costumes of the period when "Old London Cries" added to the picturesqueness of London streets. Our photograph shows Lady Edith Stopford, daughter of the Earl of Courtown; and the Hon. Vera Gage, sister of Viscount Gage, as flower-sellers.—[Photograph by C.N.]

the Canon and Apocrypha as modern literary subjects) unless there was Scriptural authority for his existence. Mr. Gerald Lawrence really carried magnificently some terrific suits of clothes, *à la mode de 1640*: first he was sumptuously upholstered in yellow, and looked as though he ought to be moved about on castors and get dusted when the room is turned out on Thursdays; then he flashed armour and lace collars at us, and, finally, turned up slightly penitent fifteen



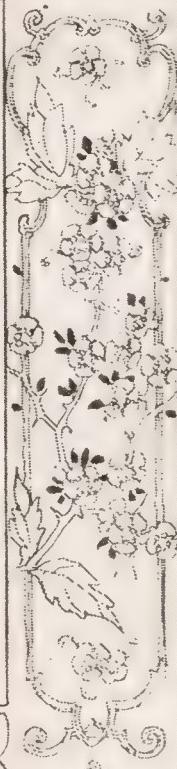
"OLD LONDON CRIES" IN EATON SQUARE : LADY ROSAMOND GALLWEY-ROBERTSON, AND MISS MARY LATTA.

Our photograph shows Lady Rosamond Gallwey-Robertson (right), and Miss Mary Latta, as lavender-sellers.—[Photograph by C.N.]

THE BRIDE—AND SOME WHO HOPED TO SEE HER.



LADY DIANA MANNERS: LEAVING ARLINGTON STREET WITH THE DUKE OF RUTLAND.



GOING AWAY: MR. DUFF COOPER, D.S.O., AND LADY DIANA COOPER.



SOME OF THE CROWD: THE POLICE KEEP ORDER.

Every woman in London wanted to see Lady Diana in her wedding-gown. It was just as well that the Police *were* on duty all night on June 2: if their strike had occurred on the Cooper-Manners wedding day the bride would certainly not have found it easy to reach the church in time for the ceremony, so large and determined were the crowds of spectators. Those who *did*

glimpse Lady Diana, though, were not disappointed. She made a wonderful bride in her lace-veiled golden gown, with her pale-gold hair glinting under her veil, and has never looked more lovely than in her going-away gown of primrose-yellow georgette embroidered with white beads—an ideal dress for an ideal bride.—[Photographs by C.N., S. and G., and B.I. Ltd.]



ARE YOU A MASONETTE—OR, THE LADIES' (K)NIGHT.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN. (*Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."*)

SINCE your Prince Charming has been initiated into the rites and mysteries of Freemasonry, the interest and (to be frank) the curiosity of my sisters (myself included) are at their acutest concerning the doings and sayings of the Brothers inside that shrine of shrines—the Lodge. *Nothing* can tempt a Mason (I know; I have tried!) to reveal what they really do build in that temple. Whatever it is we can assume that it is on the Nissen Hut system, taken-to-pieceable and transportable, else they could not keep on building in one room! Also, there must be others than Masons in the *confrérie*—plumbers, probably, and joiners, too; clever people all, of course, for have they not at least two strings to their bow, each of them? For instance, a professor of Greek, or an explorer, can be a Mason; but they do their masonry in their spare time—in case, I suppose, one should forget his Greek or that the other should have come to the end of the earth!

"The terrible ordeal of being made a Mason, with its concomitant tortures and brandings."

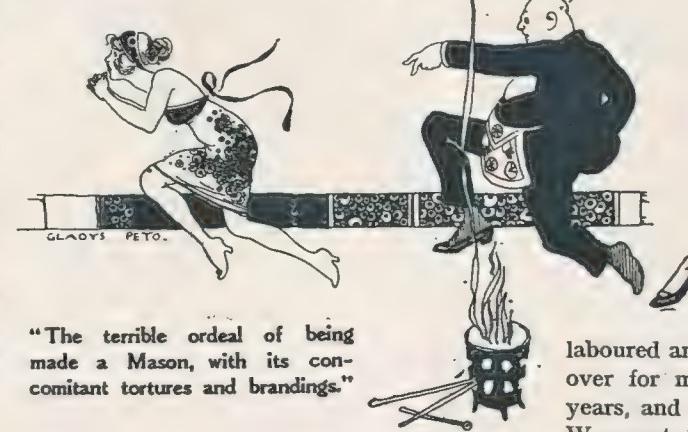
The Lodge has always been considered by "the wife" with awe, respect, and suspicion, for to a married man the Lodge is the great Alibi! It is better than a club, for even the best-trained wife may take into her head to ring up the club, while not even the most sophisticated spouse would risk the wrath of the Worshipful Master, armed with his mallet!

The other night I had my first experience of a Masonic Ladies' Night. I made mental notes between the *hors-d'œuvre* and the *croûte indienne*, and here are some of them.

That Brother Masons are *connaisseurs* in food.
That, for manual labourers, their hands are remarkably well kept.
That many of them must have seen numerous campaigns, and have proven themselves marvellously valorous, judging by the array of medals and decorations covering their heart; and also that, though in France Freemasonry is supposed to stand for all that is irreligious, here, at the banquet, we started the meal by saying grace.

I don't know why none of the ladies were asked to respond to the toast offered us, but the gracious task was admirably performed by one of the Brothers with so much wit and humour that we women thought it much better so. Personally, I would never dare stand and speechify! The only time I do enjoy speaking and can be eloquent is on a cushioned and comfortable sofa to a sympathetic and *limited* audience; two ears are sufficient for me!

But I will, for the benefit of my sisters, give them one or two of the points of that speech, for the speaker proved himself our true Knight: "As I have undertaken on behalf of the Ladies



to respond to their Toast, you must assume for the moment that I am one of them. . . . You have said many nice things about us, but Sages, Prophets, and Bards since the World began have done the same thing, and why? They couldn't help themselves, and they had to speak the truth. Where would you have been without

us? To put it further, would you ever have been? . . . Now, we must thank you most heartily for the beautiful Banquet you have provided for us. May we be conceited enough to imagine that it is all something very special provided for our delectation, or is this only a replica of what you men all enjoy so many times a year? No. We prefer to believe that those are only bread-and-cheese affairs [Here the Brothers seemed self-conscious, and more like caviare than cheese!] and that you have concentrated your efforts in one culminating effect, to please and to amuse us—as you have undoubtedly done to-night. Now there is one grievance which we have

laboured and travailed

over for many, many

years, and it is this—

We want to be Freemasons, also—why shouldn't we? You lay yourselves out to honour us by inviting us to your festive board; but if you know the heart of a woman, you must be aware that to hide *anything* from her is to whet her curiosity and inquisitiveness. We are told (with how much truth, we do not know, as it is apparently shrouded in the mists of antiquity) that there was once a woman Freemason. She, noble soul, hid herself in the case of an old eight-day clock, and heard the whole of your secrets, and she, having inadvertently been discovered by some over-zealous Brother, was perforce compelled to undergo the terrible ordeal of being made a Mason, with its concomitant tortures and brandings. Of the latter (we mean, the brandings) we are not quite sure."



"Even the best-regulated wife may be tempted to ring up the club."

How would you like, oh, gentle readeress, to be a Masonette? We should certainly wear the apron with ease and elegance; but would they have to be all alike, irrespective of dress or complexion? Then this branding business, I like it not: vaccination marks are bad enough with those backless and sleeveless frocks!



"Nothing can tempt a Mason—I know; I have tried."

I have heard from Lady Londonderry that she is organising a big ball on June 26, at the Hyde Park Hotel, in aid of the Women's Legion. The Marchioness is President of that Society, which needs funds for clubs, hostels, benevolent purposes, and hospitals. Hence the ball, about which I will give you next week further particulars.

THE "ANCESTOR" GETS MARRIED: A SOCIETY SURPRISE.



WEDDED THE OTHER DAY: LORD RIBBLESDALE AND LADY RIBBLESDALE (MRS. JOHN JACOB ASTOR).

The marriage of Lord Ribblesdale and Mrs. John Jacob Astor was a surprise to the world and to Society. Lord Ribblesdale is, in appearance, typical of the classic British aristocrat, and owes his nickname of the "Ancestor" to King Edward VII. He has been a widower since 1911, and matrimonial rumours

have, at intervals, pursued him. The new Lady Ribblesdale is one of the best-dressed and most striking-looking women in Society. She comes of New England, American stock, and, as Mrs. J. J. Astor, is well known as a woman who has given time and money to the cause of the poor.

THE CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

BY A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

WE have travelled a long way from that Golden Age when our remote ancestors were an unsophisticated folk whose only business was to be happy, when, as Ronald Macfie has it in one of his new poems—

Pan drew music from a broken reed
Till all the world danced round to hear him play;

and, according to those contemporary historians the novelists, modern life has become such a miserable game that I don't think the severest moralist should blame people for overcrowding the cinemas and patronising frivolous revues.

One Jeremiah has been lamenting that Charlie Chaplin and George Robey are to you and me what Irving and Beerbohm Tree were to our fathers; and a character in W. L. George's "Blind Alley," touching on the horrors of the war, exclaims "Damn Bairnsfather!" But we are wiser to be thankful for any light in our darkness, even if it is only from the sacred lamp of burlesque.

"Job lives still," remarks Satan, in the Prologue to H. G. Wells's new novel; "the whole earth is now Job." And the Deity, with whom he is discussing mundane affairs, agrees that "Job has become mankind." Satan is convinced that if man were afflicted to the uttermost he would at last lose faith and hope, and "whine and collapse like any other beast"; and he obtains permission to go down and put him to the test.

Then you follow the working of this Satanic experiment in the story of a present-day Job, who is named after the founder of his line, and acquires a new series of afflictions on top of the ancestral habit of complaining—not against his personal sufferings, but about the human woes he had vainly striven to remedy. He is a practical idealist, a schoolmaster; but his school has been burnt down, he has lost nearly all his money, news has come that his son has been killed in the war, and his doctor tells him he is suffering from cancer and must undergo an operation. The story is told in a few pages at the beginning and end; all the rest passes in the parlour of Job's seaside lodging, where he sits and talks to the three men who arrive to tell him that the trustees disapprove of his methods of education and will not employ him in the new school that is to be built; and it is this talk that makes the book.

He vindicates his own educational theories; talks of the dark significance of the war, of the League of Nations, of spiritualism, of "the boundless disorder and evil of nature," of "the boundless miseries that arise from the disorderliness of men." It is searching, stimulating talk, for at the worst he does not despair, but sees the world still "with a light upon it."

Wells says that our educational system has brought us into a blind alley; and, in "Blind Alley," W. L. George says that is where the war has left us. A strongly realistic, very ably written story,

this of George's, and it carries a suggestion that the war had no ennobling influence on the people, especially the women, who worked or drifted through it at home. Thanks entirely to the man's cowardice, Monica comes unscathed out of her love affair with the middle-aged, married Cottenham, her chief at the munition works; and Cottenham's philosophy, "Nobody's happy; one has moments, that's all," is justified in the experiences of everybody around him. Monica's elder sister is thrice married and once divorced during

the war; and the housemaid in their family goes the same way, under military influences, and is on the streets at the finish. The power and interest of the book are undeniable.

Miss Delafield's "Consequences," like her "Zella Sees Herself," is a brilliantly clever study in feminine psychology—a study of Alix, who, just before her tragic end, realises that "from her baby days, under the unvarnished, plain speaking of old Nurse, she had known herself to be the black sheep of every flock. And she had not sinned splendidly, dramatically, either. Her sins had been those of petty meanness, of shirking and evading, of small self-indulgences and childish tyranny at the expense of others, of vulgar lies and half-truths—those sins which find little

or no place in the Decalogue, and which stand lowest in the scale by which the opinion of others is meted out to us." A poignant parable of the harm that is done by the good who, because they can resist temptation, do not understand those who cannot.

No such problems, nor the noise and stress of town, await you in "Jinny the Carrier"; it is all a prose pastoral, a leisurely idyll of country life in Essex as it was lived some sixty years ago. The story is nothing; the atmosphere, the sketches of character, the loves and humours, joys and sorrows of simple men and women are everything, and hold you pleasantly interested in a rural comedy.

And that life in town, even in the East End of modern London, has also, after all, its idyllic side, here is "A London Lot" to bear witness. This is that war-story of Cuthbert Tunks and Miss Cherry Walters which drew crowded houses when it appeared on the boards as "London Pride"; and there is that it is a delightful Cockney humour of character, incident, and style which is peculiarly Neil Lyons' own.

BOOKS TO READ.

Odes and Other Poems. By Ronald Campbell Macfie. (*Murray.*)

The Undying Fire. By H. G. Wells. (*Cassell.*)

Blind Alley. By W. L. George. (*Fisher Unwin.*)

Consequences. By E. M. Delafield. (*Hodder and Stoughton.*)

Jinny the Carrier. By I. Zangwill. (*Heinemann.*)

A London Lot. By A. Neil Lyons. (*John Lane.*)

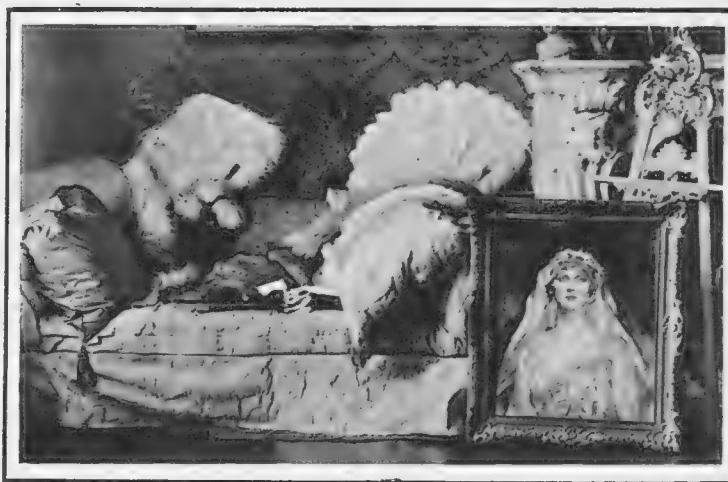
The Truth About the Black Book. By C. Sheridan Jones. (*Stanley Paul.*)

The Lure of the Pen. By Flora Klickmann. (*R.T.S.*)



THE JEWELLERY SECTION: ROYAL GIFTS TO LADY DIANA.

Lady Diana Cooper's wedding gifts numbered nearly 400, and included jewellery from the King and Queen, Queen Alexandra, and the Duke and Duchess of Rutland. The photograph shows a view of the jewellery section in the display of presents.—[Photograph by Alfieri.]



IN HER WEDDING-GOWN: AN R.A.'S OFFERING.

Lady Diana Cooper's wedding gifts included two portraits of herself—one by McEvoy, and the other by J. J. Shannon, R.A., showing her in her wedding-dress. The photograph shows the R.A.'s canvas—a thing of beauty for all time—and some more frivolous and ephemeral offerings in the way of fur and feathers.—[Photograph by Alfieri.]

no need to say more of it than romance told with that quaint humour of character, incident, and style which is peculiarly Neil Lyons' own.

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The Lure of the Pen. By Flora Klickmann. (*R.T.S.*)

"AFTER THE WAR."

By SAPPER

(Cyril McNeile).

Author of "Sergeant Michael Cassidy," "Men, Women, and Guns," etc.

"After the War!" Dimly those oft-repeated words come back to one's mind; more dimly still the hopes implied by them rise up and confront one. It was to be a time of peace and comfort, spent in a land flowing with milk and honey—or, to be more accurate, whisky and marmalade. All the worries and troubles of Active Service would be over; all the dirt and mud of Flanders would be forgotten. No more would the ubiquitous rum jar burst outside the dug-out door and precipitate the soup, the mess waiter, and the remnant of the port on to the floor at the same moment; no more would one's sleep be disturbed by the activities of things—both great and small—which cling ever closer than a brother.

"After the War!" It would all be over then; the Boche would be beaten; one's most cherished enemy, who, quite wrongly, had been absorbed into the Staff, would be a thing of no account. Sometimes, perhaps, from the vantage point of an easy chair, a chord of memory would be stirred, and Jones would be regaled with the story of what really *did* happen at Hell Fire Corner. And the part one had taken in the matter oneself. Of course, it was nothing; but when the C.O. trod on a duck-board that wasn't there and sprained his ankle, and the guide confessed that he was the wrong man and should have been on ration fatigue, things had looked a bit awkward. Merely very fortunate that someone was there—don't you know—to take charge. And would Jones have a night-cap?

"After the War!" It was going to be so wonderful. Of course, prices would be up a bit, but it would be the same for everybody; and once one could get into harness and settle down again, things would soon come right. Because the soldiering business, though in many ways it wasn't bad, seemed to have a deadening effect on a man's intellect. The Powers that lived in Great Chateaux probably had to think some and then again; the average man in the trenches was not so afflicted. In fact, for months on end he was part of the furniture. And it is not good for a man whose future lies in his brain to be trundled about like an arm-chair from place to place, and with as little say in the matter. Mental stagnation is a state of affairs which is apt to become chronic.

There was a cure, but the large majority of men regarded it rather as a patent pill. Pelmanism, so the advertisements claimed, cured every mental ill, from intense fright at the advent of a five-nine, to annoyance at the C.O.'s complete failure to grasp why the working party went to the wrong place. Were there not certain pills that cured every bodily ill from a tennis elbow to housemaid's knee? And only those who took up Pelmanism realised that there was no quackery about it; that it was not a Patent Brain Food, but a straightforward common-sense system which claimed only that it would help those who helped themselves.

With men who took up the Course over the water the present writer is not concerned. They know as well as he does the enormous benefits which accrued to the man who went in for it wholeheartedly. But it is to those who did not, and now find themselves once again the proud wearers of the bowler hat, that this article is principally addressed.

It is not as easy as it used to be to settle down to a job of work, is it? Attention is apt to wander; brain feels rather like a lump of unresponsive dough. Decisions which used to come easily and automatically, now emerge protestingly, and frequently wrong into the bargain. And over the whole outlook there broods a sense of restlessness.

The land is *not* flowing with whisky, though marmalade has emerged from seclusion once more; Jones refuses to listen to what you did at Hell Fire Corner, but insists on boring you with what he did in Crucifix Alley. In fact, "After the War" is not quite such an idyllic reality as imagination had drawn it, when the candle guttered in the empty bottle beside one, and the big crump droned lazily on its way overhead.

And what is wrong? Is it the individual, or is it the surroundings? Or is it both? As well propound the hoary conundrum as to which came first—the hen or the egg?

For, if the war has taught us anything, it is that the only surroundings which count in the scheme of things are the direct result of the individuals themselves. No matter what the material discomfort, man makes his own mental environment. And if any would dispute it, let them take the dug-out whose occupants wondered audibly and ceaselessly when the —— war would be over, and the dug-out whose owners didn't care whether it snowed.

It would see that the wave of madness which started in '14 is not yet passed. It was started by individuals; it is being carried on by

individuals, and it will have to be stopped by individuals. No longer do we slaughter complete strangers with feelings of pleasure; the manifestations of insanity have become more refined, even if somewhat more foolish. In France attention was confined to doing-in the Boche; to-day it seems to have become fashionable to do-in ourselves. And the individual will go down with the community if the crash comes.

Undoubtedly More Pay and Less Work is one of the most beautiful sentences yet coined by man. Undoubtedly in those five words is contained the germ of a new Earth; equally undoubtedly the germ of rampant Bolshevism lies in them also. Everything depends on how they are applied; on the education and powers of clear thinking belonging to the applicants. In short, everything depends on the individual.

And it is to those who find themselves worried and perplexed by the whirlpool of changing values around, that the Pelman Course holds out an offer of assistance. By the very nature of things, it is the men who have been fighting who feel it most. For years their brains have been almost stagnant; the rapid jump into a shell-hole when the Verey light fell behind one, was a muscular spasm, not a mental problem. The man who stopped to work it out has been known to regret it.

Now, things are not settled quite so simply. Ways and means, the problems of living for a year on an income which just ran to three leaves from the front, every question concerned with the competition essential in a business world—all these things have got to be settled by every individual for himself. And suddenly throwing oneself flat in the tulip bed—though advisable in France—gives rise to false impressions at home. The settlement lies not that way.

Drifting along, wondering what is going to happen next, hoping that if the country goes to the dogs the crush at the Kennels will be so enormous that one will be left outside the doors—the settlement lies not that way either.

For the country is only a collection of individuals; its fate, the fate of those individuals. Which is where the clear head comes in; the necessity for logical thinking becomes so essential. If a man hasn't got it, Pelmanism will give it him; if a man has got it Pelmanism will improve it—provided always he understands that there is no miracle about it. The system only shows him how to climb; he must do the climbing himself.

And even when the climb has only just commenced he will feel the advantage of it. The whirlpool won't seem quite so muddled—the true values will seem a little clearer and steadier—he will begin to feel the bottom with his feet. His own position will be firmer—so will the Country's. After all, he is part of the Country.

THE MOST POPULAR BOOK.

By HANNEN SWAFFER.

THE two most popular novelists in Britain are Nat Gould, who publishes four stories a year and is beloved by the British soldier in the ranks, and Victoria Cross, a million of whose books are said to have been sold during the war.

But, leaving out light fiction, no author has had such a wide public for years as the publicist who wrote "Mind and Memory." This volume has enjoyed the record circulation, in the last two decades, of over 3,000,000 copies. Not only have these copies been circulated—*They have been read*.

I had often read about "Mind and Memory," but I had never read the book itself until I received one the other day from the man who wrote it. I understand now how his mind must have been well Pelmanised before he could have crowded into thirty-two pages such a mass of interesting facts and figures, and before he could have made 3,000,000 people read a serious work.

Most serious books I have to criticise are verbose and over-written. Here is a writer who believes in his mission, and then has the organised brain to preach it tersely and without the waste of a word.

The case for Pelmanism is put down briefly and so convincingly that the 3,000,000 copies issued converted 500,000 readers into convinced and ardent Pelmanists. Never, surely, in the history of literature has a pamphlet or a treatise of any kind—or even such propagandist fiction as "Uncle Tom's Cabin" or "Lay down your Arms"—had such an astounding result in comparison with the effort involved.

Take my advice: write for a free copy to:—The Pelman Institute, 41, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.

If you only want to learn how to write convincingly, you will find in "Mind and Memory" a lesson for nothing.

Overseas Addresses: 46-48, Market Street, Melbourne; 15, Toronto Street, Toronto; Club Arcade, Durban.

A FALL IN FARES!



THE OLD LADY: Stop, driver; I've dropped my ticket!

THE PILOT: All right, Madam; you can see about that at the other end.

THE OLD LADY: Yes; but it's in my husband's pocket.

Smart Sefton Gowns for Fashionable Gatherings

Fashion decrees daring simplicity and brilliant colouring this Great Victory Season. Sefton Fabrics—designed by prominent artists and "alive" with wonderful colouring—look best in simple make-up. A touch of Georgette at the neck or a narrow velvet ribbon loosely clinging round the waist lend charm to an already bewitching effect as well as an air of distinction to the wearer.

SHEREVOILE
per yard 3/6

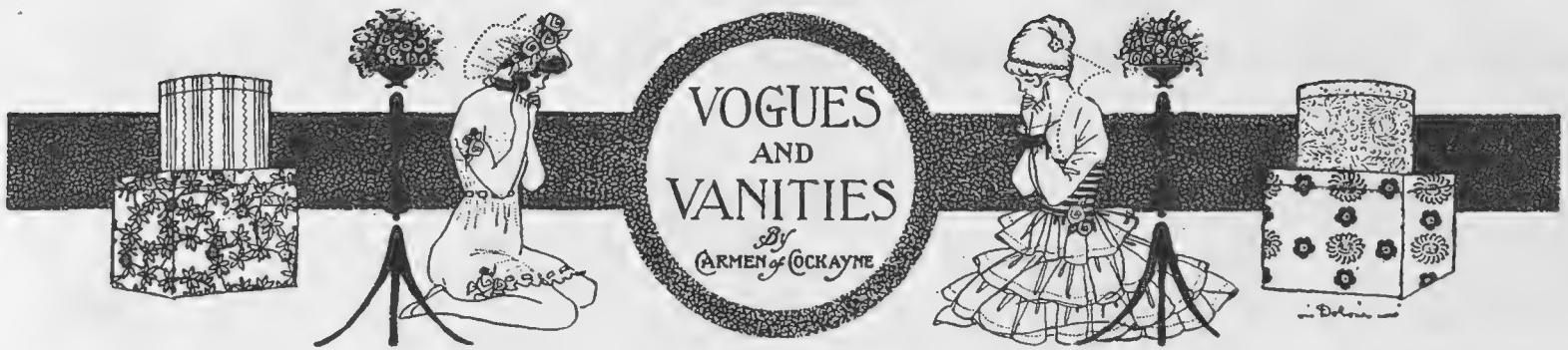
SHERELENE
(For Ladies' Underwear)
per yard 2/6

SEFTON SILK
per yard 8/11

Stocks of Sefton Fabrics are carried by all the leading high-class Drapers and Stores in London and the Provinces.



The Sefton Fabrics



Victory Hats. If emotions can be expressed in hats, the people who made the summer millinery were quite certainly full of victory good spirits. Joyous trimmings are the order of the day, and the colour-schemes could give points to Joseph's coat and romp home an easy first. Even black hats have a flippant air. Just how a black tulle manages to look more frivolous on occasion than a brilliant green confection decorated in some

equally emphatic contrasting shade is its own secret. But the thing happens all the time, as any student of millinery can easily discover by paying a visit to the salons of Debenham and Freebody, in Wigmore Street, where Dolores sketched the hats shown on this page to-day



No definite reason for the use of tulle in millinery has ever been given; but this hat justifies the experiment every time.

separate from the main structure, which began life as a high crown, and ended it with an apology for a brim no more than an inch and a-half broad. Later someone added the wider brim and a twist of black moiré ribbon, thus proving that there are occasions when second thoughts are far better than first.

Breaking Out. If one could believe the critics, Fashion is a mere sensation-monger, and women a pack of eccentrics ready to adopt any mode so long as it makes them appear different from everyone else. But the truth is that it's the few, and not the many, who covet the distinction of looking "odd." A broad-minded attitude towards new ideas is something quite different from a love of novelty for novelty's sake. Those who oppose a new thing merely because it's new will probably have a good deal to say about trimming that, throwing aside tradition, breaks through the brim and ends its career in large "ear-caps," posed one on each side of the face. But youth, for whom the hat in question was especially made,

cares for no criticism that is directed against becoming millinery; and the upturned brim of pale mushroom-brown tulle, with the ribbon to tone, twisted round the crown, is far too becoming a model to be neglected just because the rosettes elect to occupy a position below the brim instead of above it.

The Vogue for Tulle. Hats with transparent crowns are a feature

of summer millinery. Tulle and lace form the crowns of many otherwise substantial hats. It's quite usual to find a brim of rough straw crowned by an ethereal-looking puff of net or chiffon or lace, thus fulfilling the fashionable law that contrast is better than complete harmony of materials. Lace straws are usually unlined. Occasionally they are completely devoid of trimming. Cobweb-like crinolines that "flop" round the face are provided, their brims weighed down, maybe, by the burden of the single rose or some other flower that does decoration duty. Hats of this kind are, however, only suited to the very young as well as the very pretty. Mutton dressed as lamb never deceives anyone, and "baby" hats have a horrid habit of "giving away" any wearer but the one whose years entitle her to indulge in youthful modes. Tulle does not restrict its activity to crowns alone, but extends it to the outermost edge of the

brim, whether small or wide-spreading, and can be, and often is, "run" with gold tinsel or lamé thread for extra gaiety.

Beauty Uncurled. When someone in his wisdom saw fit to curl ostrich-feathers, he never, probably, dreamt of a time when his labours would be undone and lank fronds would replace the once smart fluffiness so high-prized by the smart Victorian woman. There are some feathers whose lank appearance would deceive their own parent ostrich. Whether glycerine plays any part in the process of taking from the natural plume such featheriness as Nature gave it is a secret the milliners have so far kept to themselves; but there is no doubt about the thoroughness with which the "straighteners" do their job. Still, the object of their labour does not always wear a dejected appearance. The tufted glycerine mount that appears on the front of a high-crowned aeroplane model is far from looking depressed, and gleams of gold lamé thread give it an air of positive gaiety.

The Return of the Panama. The return of the panama, once gaiety and games became permissible once more, was inevitable. Cool and

light, it is an indispensable item in the wardrobe of every athletic woman. Faced with velvet, the crown being encircled with ribbon to tone, it takes its place amongst the smartest of the *chapeaux* made for the tennis-court or the river. But that is not all. It is developing social ambitions, which, in some cases, have been fulfilled. The largest hat on this page is of white panama, bound with yellow silk. The crown is enveloped in green tulle that falls over one side, and provides a becoming background for trails of grey daisies and pink roses.



Panama hats have developed social ambitions. Some have become "picture" models



Some folk like curled feathers; but glycerined fronds make a modish addition to any model.



It proves that second thoughts are best, for the wide brim is an improvement on the narrow one that originally completed the hat.

Youth can do many things—as, for instance, indulge in ear-cap ribbons.



AUSTIN 'TWENTY'

The Austin "Twenty" chassis forms the standard base of either the Touring Coupé or Landaulet models respectively. Its evolution is the outcome of many years of engineering experiment, culminating in a car of tested efficiency and proved reliability based on the unique experience attained during the war.

Austin Service goes with the Austin Car to the ends of the earth.

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COUPÉ MODEL
cast en bloc. The inlet and exhaust valves are on the same side. Detachable cylinder head. Five bearing crank shaft. Large inspection doors to crank case. Automatic carburetor, with extra air valve controlled from the steering wheel. Magneto ignition. Cooling by pump and fan. Petrol supply by suction through autocar secondary tank. C.A.V. electric starting and lighting equipment. Four speeds forward and reverse; gear change. Engine and gear box form one unit. Detachable artillery wheels with two spare wheels. Frames—Rubery Owen's best, made from 36-ton tensile steel.

TOURING MODEL
Streamline body, having capacity for five passengers. Front seat adjustable.

LANDAULET MODEL
Roomy four-seated body, accommodating two at rear and two in front, the rear seats being fitted with side arms and rests.

TOURING MODEL
Commodious seven-seated streamline body, for three passengers on rear seat, two on folding chair seats and two on driver's seat.

IN THESE TIMES

There should be no interruption of work.

To seek out the filler for the Fountain Pen, and to undo the whole thing for filling, cause a loss of time and a waste of effort.

The CAMERON SAFETY SELF-FILLER fills itself from any ink bottle without a separate filler.

You can write on without pause and — that feeling of independence with a Cameron in your hand accelerates your work.

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NO NEEDLESS COMPLEXITIES

The illustration shows the simplicity of filling.

Unscrew the section from the barrel, dip the pen (over the whole nib) in the ink bottle, then

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BARS** (as on the illustration) relax the pressure and the pen is filled.

In a Cameron Self Filler you can use a denser ink, because in filling you flush every time the ink duct.

With two rolled gold bands, One Guinea; with solid 9 ct. gold bands, Two Guineas; Plain, 15/-.

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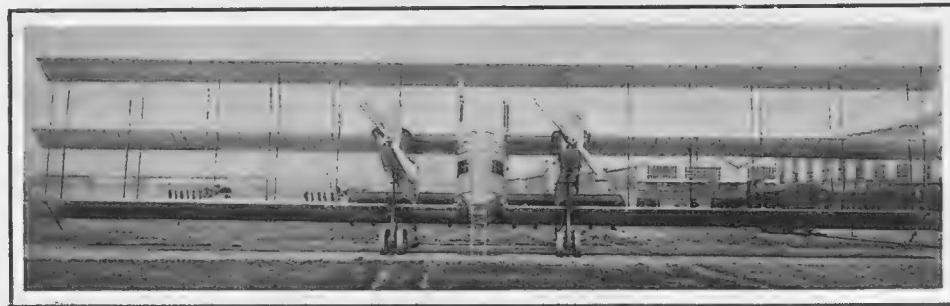
AIRCRAFT AT SEA.

BY C. G. GREY, *Editor of "The Aeroplane."*

A PROPOS certain recent notes concerning navigation over the sea, a friend who has had much to do with the naval side of aviation tells some quaint stories of our naval aviators. But first it seems fitting to recall the adventure, right at the beginning of the war, of an R.N.A.S. officer—since killed, by a

once, for he sat within twenty-five yards of them for nearly two hours, and, when his petrol gave out and he had to fall into the sea, he regarded them as quite old friends. Those were the days before incendiary bullets were perfected, so he failed to set the airship on fire; but he worried her so much, and forced

her to expend so much gas and petrol in dodging him, that she went right off her course, was unable to get home, and finally crashed in a neutral country. So he actually destroyed the airship in fact. He himself came down in the extreme north of the North Sea, and, after floating precariously for a couple of hours, was picked up by one of our patrol boats.



BUILT TO CARRY 25 PASSENGERS: A BIG ITALIAN MACHINE—THE NEW CAPRONI TRIPLANE.—[Photograph by C.N.]

freak of fate, in a simple accident on land quite unconnected with aircraft.

A Lucky Escape Near Scapa Flow. This officer and an air-mechanic were out on patrol from Scapa Flow during the first month of the war on one of the earliest of our seaplanes—a French land-going machine fitted with floats. They were brought down by engine-failure an hour or so from land, in a thick fog and a nasty choppy sea. To keep the machine from capsizing, he and his man got out of the nacelle—or body—of the aeroplane and sat on the floats, with the sea breaking over them. There they sat for over an hour, without any means of signalling and without much hope of rescue, for a ship could have passed within a hundred yards of them without seeing them. Presently they heard the sound of engines, and one of our destroyers loomed up through the fog right on top of them. She sheered off just in time to escape ramming them, pulled up short, and picked them up. If she had been half-an-hour later the aeroplane would have been in pieces, for it was already breaking up; and, if she had been fifty yards off her course on one side or the other, she would have missed them altogether. Be it remembered, the destroyer was not looking for the seaplane, but was merely on patrol. This strikes one as being a more wonderful stroke of luck than the rescue of Mr. Hawker and Lieutenant-Commander Grieve, who looked for a ship and found it.

Chasing a Zeppelin. The first yarn of those above-mentioned concerns an R.N.A.S. officer who set off in the early dawn on a slow land machine to chase a raiding Zeppelin. He followed the airship out to sea, though he only carried petrol for three hours' flying, and caught it after flying for an hour and a half. He chose to continue the chase, knowing that he could not get back. He climbed over the airship's tail and started pumping bullets into it, and the gunner in the tail replied as best he could. Fortunately, he was a bad shot and very nervous, so he never hit the aeroplane where it hurt. The airship gunner was shaking like a leaf, and his gun was wobbling all over the shop.

A Duel at 25 Yards, and a Fall. Behind the gunner stood a perfectly imperturbable officer with a telephone, telling the helmsman of the airship how to steer, so as to dodge the aeroplane. The pilot said that, if ever he met the gunner or the officer again, he would know him at

Flying-Boats Pursue a Seaplane. Another yarn concerns a patrol of four or five of our big flying-boats, each carrying a crew of six or seven men, and armed with five or six machine-guns apiece. These boats had been up along the German coast to try and

draw the fire of a certain shore battery, which it was desirable to locate. The battery refused to be drawn, so the patrol went on along the coast, and, quite close to the boundary of a neutral country, they happened on a solitary German seaplane sitting on the water. For lack of better game, the whole patrol dived at the Hun, who, having to get away from a standing start, tried to save himself by going inland over neutral territory. In the heat of the chase the patrol forgot where they were, and went all out after him, their twenty or thirty machine-guns all squirting bullets at the Hun, at all sorts of impossible ranges, and the crews howling with laughter at this queer Hun-hunt. Suddenly, after a quarter-of-an-hour or so of this game, in which the small fast Hun machine gained slightly on its big pursuers, the patrol



WITH ITS "FRONT DOOR" OPEN, SHOWING PASSENGERS WITHIN: THE CENTRAL PORTION OF THE CAPRONI TRIPLANE.—[Photograph by C.N.]

leader realised that here he was twenty miles inland over neutral territory—which he had been spraying with bullets—with a number of our biggest flying-boats about a hundred feet above dry land. A forced landing would have meant all sorts of international complications, so with difficulty he collected the attention of the rest of his pack and signalled to them to head off to sea, leaving the Hun to his own affairs.

Chapters in the History of a GREAT PAPER

No. 3.—THE BATTLE FOR THE NAVY

IN all its fighting career "*The Daily Mail*" has fought for nothing so persistently as it fought for a strong Navy.

CONVINCED of Germany's hostile intentions, it opposed, time after time, all motions for a reduction of our naval strength. "*The Daily Mail*" and other organs of the Northcliffe Press emphasized the same view that a weak fleet was worse than no fleet because it cost money without giving security.

REMEMBERING, in these post-war days, the deep and awful debt which we owe to the Navy, it is possible to look back and realise what would have happened if the "Suicide Club"—those Pacifists and Liberals of pre-war days—had had their way.

AS far back as 1903 "*The Daily Mail*" pressed hard for a naval base on the East Coast and a standing squadron in the North Sea. It pointed out continuously the dangerously rapid progress of the German Navy. It opposed and largely prevented the ratification of the egregious Declaration of London which would have shackled our Fleet, and in 1909 came its big fight for eight Dreadnoughts instead of four. Much stubborn resistance had to be overcome, but in the end "*The Daily Mail*" prevailed and the four ships—priceless when War came!—were added to our programme.

WITHOUT the Navy's silent might the War could not have been won. Remembering that, "*The Daily Mail*" is proud also to remember that it never wavered and never wearied in its fight for overwhelming naval strength.

Daily Mail
Million Sale
ORDER TO-DAY S.V.P.

P.S. This is the third of a series of announcements dealing with certain historic achievements of "*The Daily Mail*." They are written not in mere self-congratulation, but because memory is short-lived, and because only in retrospect is it possible justly to estimate the soundness, virility and value of this paper's policy

Always
Fair
Always
Fearless
Always
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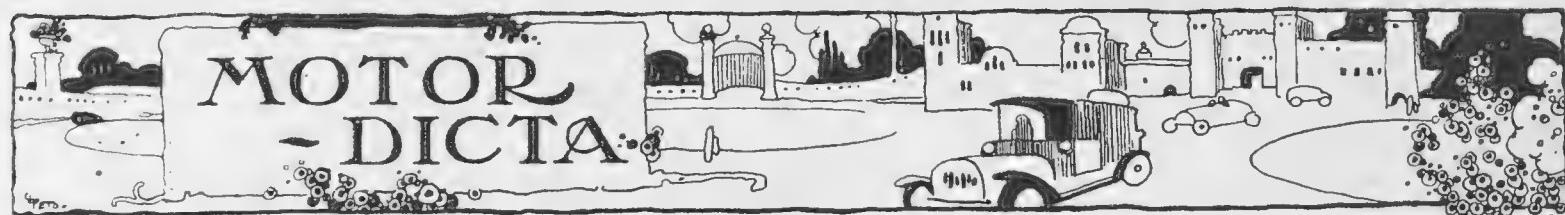
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THE R.A.C. TOURING DEPARTMENT: A NEW BRITISH CAR.

By GERALD BISS.

THE dear old R.A.C., for the purpose of somewhat unnecessarily puffing its possibilities and hawking the advantages of associate-ship at "one-one" per annum, sends me a paragraph upon the great revival of touring since the Armistice, and word that its touring department is up to its eyes and working overtime in preparing routes and trips for members and associates, lending them all sorts of assistance in the matter of pleasure jaunts and joy rides upon an extended scale. Of the pre-war efficiency of this department, under the late-lamented Moroney, I can speak with personal knowledge as ever prompt and efficient, and able to save one time and trouble in supplying detail in unknown parts; but what has arrested my attention in this paragraph, and turned me a positive emerald-green all over inside and out, is the ingenuous statement that it has recently drawn out a tour for a member in search of relaxation after a strenuous time during the war, which started on May 9, and is not, all going well, destined to conclude until Sept. 24!

Some Holiday! Who is this lucky devil, I ask you, who is now drawing all the choicest covers in the country, wet-nursed and spoon-fed in every detail of this peptonised automobilism down to his nightly bed and breakfast menu? One would almost expect the club to detail some auxiliary from its own staff to eat his dinner for him, if his appetite should fail him ever during this Odyssey of the Elysian Fields, lasting four months and a half. Can the human system, I wonder, be as regular as a Rolls-Royce or as diurnal as a Daimler? Though this automobilist of far-flung intent, projecting a cheery month on the road for every dreary year of the war, and refusing to carry Black Care upon his back-axle, be as confident in his powers as Hindenburg of the de-nailed statue, can he be certain of carrying out each detail according to programme? Of course, if he only lose an odd hour or so, he can accelerate and chance the clocking of an unstruck policeman; but, if he or his car or one of the lesser members of the cargo fail to spark or to carbureate for a day or more, will it undo the whole work of the R.A.C. touring department and force it to start afresh to repiece the auto jig-saw tour, in which seldom are more than two nights to be slept between the same sheets?

The Charm of the Wrong Turning. It may, moreover, become a trifle irksome after a while working to schedule and a programme so meticulous; but, if so, this wanderer on wheels can take his independence in both hands, simply burn his maps and his bridges, take the wrong turning to the right instead of the right turning to the left, and break off incontinently into the real joy of touring without any definite object or an address where letters

can overtake and worry his irresponsibility. Far better really to give a power of attorney to your solicitor, and come back on Sept. 24 to find yourself happily ruined owing to his having discreetly absconded—but with such a healthy appetite to turn to work once more! That would at least smack of adventure, and give a spice that will be lacking in such a carnival of correctitude. Still, I envy

him, though I cannot but wonder whether he be not a puffed and paunchy profiteer with his first car, bought second-hand infinitely above cost price.

The Cubitt Car. I do not personally yet know the Cubitt car, which has been so much in the limelight the last few days owing to its taking the public into its confidence and its finance upon such a liberal scale; but, as far as can be judged by pictures and specifications, it should be all right, and is certainly wonderful value for money as things go. It comes like a gush of cooling water (or something better) in these parched and torrid times of exiguous output and inflated self-valuation. It enters the arena upon the large scale at a modest price, the harbinger of mass production—in which, save in a very limited number of exceptional cases, lies the one great chance of personal salvation and national reconstruction. It is the product of an engineering firm over a century old, who have been on mass production during the war, and are now turning their attention and organisation to the automobile market, which is absolutely aching for this very type of machine.

A Friendly Lead
in the Right
Direction.

I reiterate that I cannot speak from personal knowledge of its actual excellence; but here we have a British 16-20-h.p. car on the best lines, up to date and pleasant to look upon, with all the details included for which the owner-driver looks in the highest grade of car, including electric lighting and starting sets (*sans* magneto, which many in these days account superfluous), and nothing cheap, nasty, or freakish about it—for £298, all inclusive, with deliveries due in September. In actual price it compares very favourably with the Ford at £250-60 in these days, without a starter, and standardised a decade ago—to say nothing about the question of appearance. It has my most hearty good wishes as a live

pioneer proposition on the right lines, and it deserves every success. And if the Cubitt, new to the game, at £298, why not some of the old hands at that figure, or even less? Or won't they scrap their prejudices, traditions, jigs, and liberal margins of profit per individual car? Anyhow, the Cubitt has given them, one and all, a friendly lead in the right direction, both as regards business and popularity.



MOTORING IN ASSAM: A LIFT-GATE ON THE DANGEROUS ROAD TO SHILLONG.



A SIGNIFICANT REMINDER: A "SKULL AND CROSS-BONES" NOTICE-BOARD ON THE SHILLONG ROAD, ASSAM.

The 69-mile road from the Assam plains to the summer resort of Shillong, 5000 ft. up, has tortuous windings, steep gradients, and countless blind curves. To prevent accidents, the authorities issued a schedule of timings for Up and Down cars, and placed Lift Gates at various points so that cars going in opposite directions cross only at fixed places. To emphasise adherence to the rules the "skull and cross-bones" notice-board was put up. Bullock-carts must travel only at night, and halt on sidings by day.

*Born 1820**—still going strong.*

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HOST : "And a 'Johnnie Walker' in the hand is worth two in the bottle."

JOHN WALKER & SONS, SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.

THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

A Waiting Time. A certain impatience begins to show itself for the signature of the Peace Terms. Not politically or from any very serious standpoint: people who look at it from these say it is really very little matter to us whether the Huns sign or not. Socially, however, the delay is making for uncertainty. Many hostesses want to entertain the young royal people. Some have already done so; the Prince of Wales and Prince Albert have thoroughly enjoyed a number of small dances, but of them little has been heard. The King and Queen gave a very clear lead in refusing to fix an Ascot State procession until it was known if the Terms—those much-discussed terms—are to be signed or not. Last week was a gay one with private balls and dinners, but there was a kind of “hush” over the proceedings—one which will be broken by a shout of many gaieties when we really know!

Just Fine. The Opera, the rendezvous of our cream of the cream, is becoming also the rendezvous of our milk of the milk. This is nothing to complain of. Social circles are ever widening these days, and the new blood brings an accession of enthusiasm that is very cheery and heartening to the old. When Emmy Destinnova has been recalled and uproariously applauded “umpteen” times, we know that there is life in the house, as well as high aristocracy, brilliant beauty, and lovely frocks. I don’t quite admire a narrow black band across the centre of a woman’s brow. Perhaps my recent association with hospitals suggests plaster; anyhow, it is not becoming. The Duke of Connaught, Princess Christian, and Princess Helena Victoria were royal personages present last week; and Lady Patricia Ramsay



Sapphire-blue charmeuse, a wisp of blue-and-gold brocade as a sash, a feather, bead shoulder-straps, and a bit of tulle—and the dress shown above is achieved.

was there several times. Never tell me that women cannot give generous appreciation to each other: watch Dame Nellie Melba applaud Emmy Destinnova the next time you have the chance at the Opera. It is just fine!

What Paris Says and Does.

Race dresses and garden-party dresses, and frocks for the river and the games clubs, are running those for evening rather hard just now. It is some of the irony of fate that the dressmakers, who have pined for orders for five years, find themselves unable to execute those they are receiving now in record quantities, because they cannot get work-people. Happily, although they would die rather than admit it, frocks are very easy to make. They are what Victorian modistes would have called “rags thrown together.” But they look just scrumptious, and are so comfortable. One thing I do desire, and that is a little more drapery about the neck. The line between day and evening dress is vanishing, and it is a pity. Hope comes from Paris, where high neck-wear is fast coming to the front. It may be less becoming, we know it is not so comfortable, and the doctors say it is less hygienic. If Paris says it’s smart, and makes it look so, we shall adopt it *con amore*.

Delightful Possessions.

There are no human antiques nowadays—they are quite out of the vogue. Everyone is youthful in heart—therefore in looks. A very nice man told me the other day that an old woman was as rare as a dead donkey. As antiquity

(Continued overleaf.)

POPE & BRADLEY
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Civil, Military & Naval Tailors.



“The Interrupted Jazz”

JAZZ RAGS.

By
H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

WAR has taught us many things, amongst other things that reconstruction is not necessarily Bolshevism.

And, after all, it has been good for us to learn to question many things which we had previously accepted without question simply because we had lost the faculty of criticism.

Reconstruction implies the questioning mind; the refusal to accept questionable things simply because they have existed long enough to become rather a dull and uncomfortable habit.

I am sanguine enough to believe that clothes will not escape the reconstruction process.

In pre-war days, the most rigid, the most stereotyped form of male clothing was evening dress, and when war exigencies made starch unpatriotic a shattering blow was struck at what seemed a cast-iron law.

The “boiled” shirt cracked a faint Victorian protest, and disappeared: the tail-coat sought refuge amongst moth-balls, and for a time even the dinner jacket became shy.

But now that we are face to face with a new era, now that nations and ideas are in the melting-pot, why should any of the ancient laws of the unimaginative Medes and Persians escape revision? Why, for instance, should we ever meekly return to the tyranny of starch?

If starch is a food, for goodness sake eat it; do not plaster it on your bosom and bend it round your neck.

The war has taught us the value of soft silken shirts and collars; and we shall not return to the Prussianism and the Militarism of the blind, unreasoning “boiled” shirt without a murmur.

* * * * *

It is unpleasant to look round the stalls of a theatre and attempt to penetrate the mystery of the solemn rows of stiff white cuirasses. What woman, except the virgin Elizabeth, ever wore starch in evening dress? Are we to assume that the mode of man is stiff and the manner of woman is light?

The starched shirt must go. It must be relegated to the provinces, with the white kid gloves.

It must adorn the Suburban dances, and the musical evenings at the rectory—which have no connection with “Rectors.”

The man who has learnt to appreciate silk is unlikely ever to accept artificial stiffening with jazz-rags.

* * * * *

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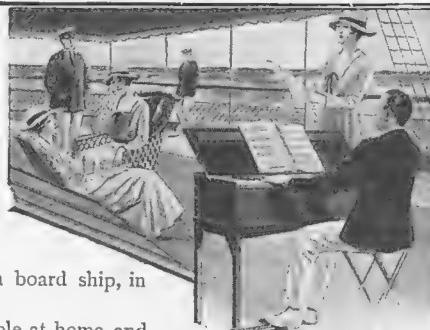
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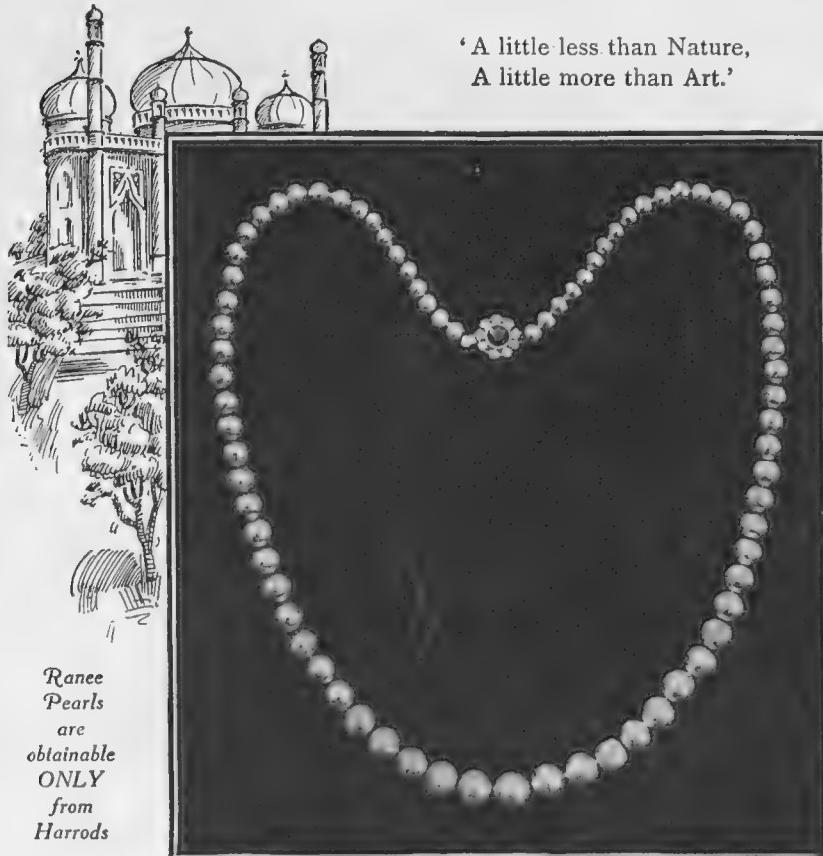
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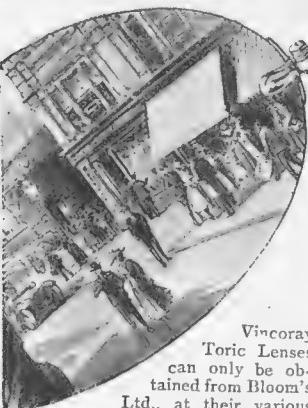
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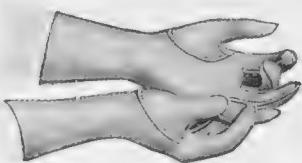
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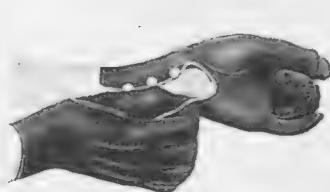
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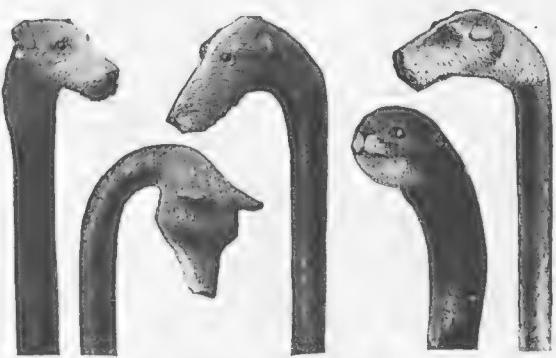
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USEFUL WASHING FROCK, in print, with collar and cuffs of fine embroidery. In shades of Pink, Blue and Mauve.

Size for 2 and 3 years. Price 18/9
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Catalogue post free.

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should be put in hand now. Orders placed for renovations early in the Season will prevent disappointment, which will be unavoidable during the winter months.

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Top-coats and Suits cleaned by Burberry processes. Weather-proof garments re-proofed. Prices on request.

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A handsome, yet practical golfing outfit. Pivot sleeves and a wide expanding pleat ensure absolute freedom to limb and muscle.



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COW'S Milk is a dangerous substitute for healthy mother's milk and an awkward one. In summer the risk is doubly grave as the milk is likely to contain more germs than usual and to go sour.

If your baby cannot be given nature's food (maternal milk) avoid the dangers that follow the use of cow's milk or starchy prepared foods by adopting the 'Allenburys' simple and certain method of Infant Feeding.

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Relieve the Mother of Anxiety.

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THE "MAZONEX" SERGES

All wool 54 ins. wide in Black and Navy, **ARE THE BEST THAT MONEY CAN BUY.** All orders carriage paid to any address in U.K.

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Köpatine Al-Khanna is a wonderful restorer for white, grey or faded hair. It is used daily in our salons with the greatest success and is invaluable for ladies who find it more convenient to apply at home. Positively permanent, Washable, Harmless. Only one application necessary. Full size 6/6; half size 3/6; fringe only 1/3. Also in liquid form, Köpatine Instantaneous (6 shades from blonde to black) 6/6 per case; doublesize 10/6. Of Selfridges, Harrods, Boots' branches, etc., or sent direct. Write for booklet. KÖPATINE CIE. (Dept. 10), 34, Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W. 1.

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25/-, 30/-, 35/-, to 50/-

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Small Pill—Small Dose—Small Price.

GENUINE must bear signature *Brentwood*



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Miss Iris Hoey

Photo by
MALCOLM ARBUTHNOT

Condor Hats for Ascot

Ascot offers to the stylish woman a welcome opportunity to don bright apparel as a complete contrast to the sombreness of the past four years.

Condor Hats presenting distinction, character and delightful diversity of designs are particularly suitable for this auspicious occasion.

Only exclusive milliners enjoy the privilege of handling Condor Hats and display the sign.



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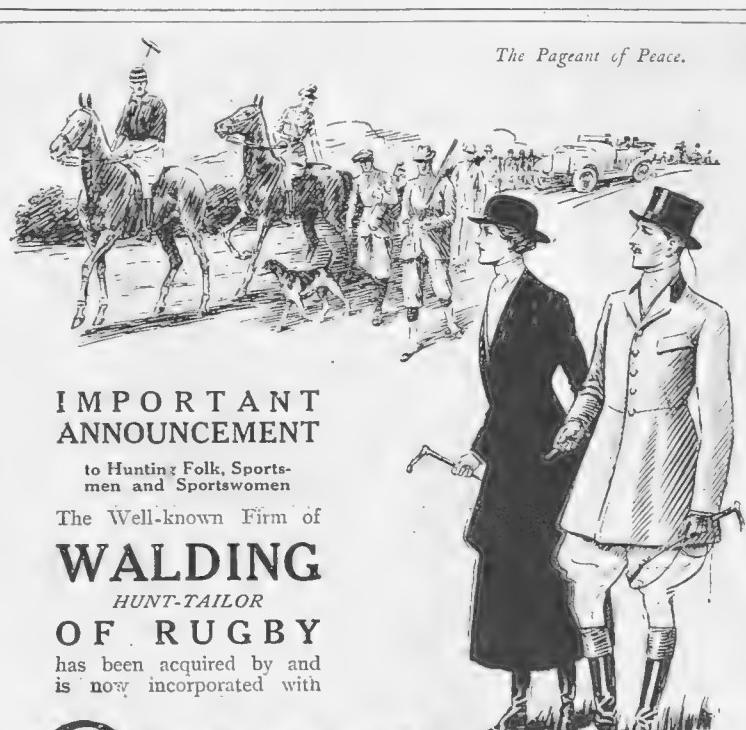
in an exquisite quality of washing Crepe-de-Chine, with lace top, which, being detachable, makes the skirt specially adaptable for washing or re-tinting. The Model is beautifully made in a choice of colours: Sky, Ivory, Pink, Lemon, Mauve, and is trimmed with broad ribbon in contrast.

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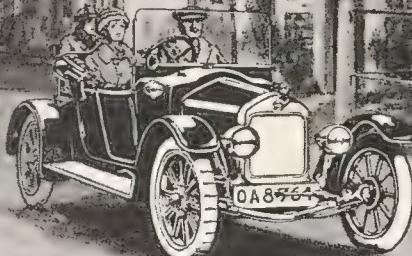
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Wilson & Gill's Propellor Clocks are centres cut from genuine propellers of famous types of British Aeroplanes, and fitted with reliable 8-day lever movements and bolts, finished in gilt, silver or oxydised silver, in highly polished Solid Mahogany.

Height 8½ in.

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Solid Mahogany 4-blade Propellor Clocks can also be supplied. Height 9½ in.

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OSTEND.

THE QUEEN OF BELGIAN RESORTS.

ALREADY visitors are arriving at Ostend in considerable numbers. The spell of fine weather has made many people leave the towns earlier than they would have done in the ordinary course of events, and they are now delighting in sea bathing and all the pleasures that Ostend offers to its visitors. Most of the hotels are already open, and the large houses on the Digue will be open shortly. Wonderful work has been achieved since the Armistice; the hotels have been completely overhauled and newly furnished, consequently presenting a freshness and smartness that rivals their pre-war reputation.

The concerts at the Kursaal are already well patronised, and the Cercle Prime will be opened in a few days, offering attractions to those who like to have a little flutter on the tables.

Although the through daily service between London-Ostend has not yet commenced, the boat from Dover carries a large contingent



OSTEND ITSELF AGAIN: A VIEW SHOWING THE CASINO.

of passengers each trip, always increasing the number of English visitors.

Every possible assistance is being given to enable people to visit the districts devastated by the war. Ypres, Zeebrugge, Dixmude, Nieuport, and other places can easily be seen by making day excursions, for which there are char-a-bancs and motor-cars.

Preparations for the Race Meeting are well advanced. Racing commences on July 13 till the end of August, the principal feature being the Grand Prix of 4000 sovs., which will be run on Aug. 24. A large number of entries are being received from English owners. The London office of the Belgian State Railways is arranging for the transport of the horses as of the polo ponies, for polo will be a feature of the season's sports.

The Theatre Royal opens this week, and will revive its former fame, as many prominent artists have been engaged to appear in the latest Parisian successes and in opera, of which there will be a series of brilliant representations.

A Regatta for Yachts and Motor-Boats is being arranged for the third week in July, for which already several British entries have been received.

PONDS—the Incomparable

Just a touch of PONDS the incomparable—original Vanishing Cream will impart to your skin an enchanting perfume and give it the lustrous beauty of a pearl.

If your skin is dull and colourless, PONDS will restore its natural beauty and protect it from the ravages of sun and dirt.

Apply it with the finger tips in the morning, during the day between engagements, and at night before retiring. No stickiness—no grease, this supreme Face Cream, with its alluring perfume of Jacqueminot Roses, may be used at any time to the lasting benefit of your skin and without detection.

Of all Chemists and Stores. In Opal Jars, with Aluminium Screw Lids, 1/3 and 2/6.

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(Dept. 86),
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For the Party

The girls and small boys who wear the Liberty Bodice (Quality de Luxe) beneath their dainty frocks, are sure to be the most graceful and tireless little dancers at the party.

This garment gives gentle but sufficient support to the growing body, while its pliable tricotine material allows perfect freedom of movement. The correct cut assists in developing a supple and graceful figure, and the shoulder strapping enables the weight of the underclothing to be correctly distributed.

"Liberty Bodice"

TRADE MARK
QUALITY DE LUXE

Ivory shade only. Made in six sizes for children from two to thirteen years of age. Prices from 3/11 to 8/11, according to size required. Each size can be obtained in "Slender" or "Sturdy." Also in cheaper quality.

Write for copy of the beautiful illustrated book for children, "Alice in Liberty Land." Send 1½d. stamp.

"LIBERTY BODICE" FACTORY (Dept. F), Market Harborough.

Continued] disappears from humanity, it becomes more and more valued in inanimate things. This is probably why there is such a run on the fine exhibition of genuine antiques, collected by experts from all over the land, on sale at Debenham and Freebody's galleries in Wigmore Street throughout this month. There are lovely embroidered Stuart pictures, now very rare; and many lovely things of Queen Anne's time. A variety of Georgian silk needlework pictures testify to the skill and patience of the women of those days, and are delightful possessions. There are fine examples of samplers and decorative embroideries, bead-work, cabinets, mirrors, and all kinds of sweet old things from which gifts for all occasions can be selected that have a really charming sentiment, and are at all prices, from quite low ones.

Diana's Temple. St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, was transformed into Diana's Temple last week. In it Lady Diana Manners, much beloved of the British people, was married to the man of her choice, a good-looking boy in the much-maligned Foreign Office—Mr. A. Duff-Cooper, who fought in the war, won his D.S.O., and is the son of a celebrated surgeon who died some years ago and of a sister of the late Duke of Fife. There were orchids from Blenheim and growing rose-trees covered with bloom in the chancel and aisles. The bride and her one little maid and two little pages were a glory of white and gold. She went away in a lovely frock of primrose georgette embroidered with white beads. Over it she wore a short cape-coat of yellow duvetyn with very handsome embroideries in dull gold, amber, and oxydised silver down the front at both sides; and her hat was of écrù taffeta, and showed a little touch of a sea-green and



A striped bathing-gown to make her look slimmer, and a cloak with a gorgeous lining to make things cheerful.

opal lining, and owed its cachet to a lovely old lace veil. Who was cruel enough to suggest a deep chinchilla collar for a June bride's going-away dress? Perish the thought!

Nature's Way. Whatever we may say, and however we enjoy it, a long spell of dry warm weather is enervating and tiring. One's best friends are inclined to give us short answers, and our most amiable relatives to put out bristles. As for ourselves, there are times when we feel that the world is out of joint. No need for this at all; it is only because the lovely days tempt us to take too much out of ourselves, and we put nothing in. The wisdom of the wise is to repair the strain before it breaks, and the way is to use Nature's own tonic, the concentrated products of the country—malt, milk, and eggs. These are delightfully combined in Ovaltine, a cup of which is refreshing and invigorating; and, taken at night, tends to real restorative rest. It has vitalising and reconstructive elements, and is delicious to the palate. Far be it from me to suggest cures for bad temper—we know not the thing; but prevention of over-tiredness and strain will keep our tempers just right, so let us try Ovaltine.

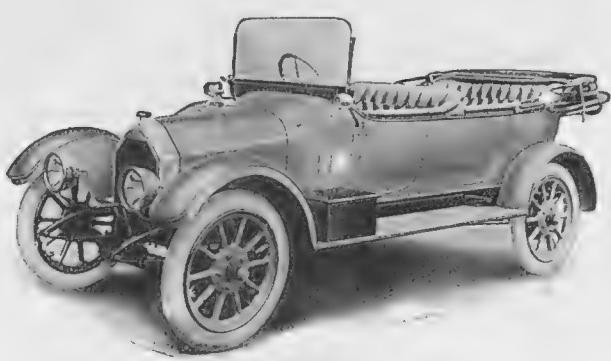
Hoops and All. There is no room in the world for hoops, and I always felt very glad of it. But I repented me of that when I saw what wonderful things they are to display beauty of fabric and material in "Monsieur Beaucaire," to which I was taken last week. It was not a lasting repentance: when I came out from the grace and dignity of the trained movements of the hooped ladies on the stage, and saw members of my own sex clambering up 'buses, taking headers into taxis, running short races to

[Continued overleaf.]



RILETTE

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CAUTION

YOURS is the responsibility for selecting a Car. Caution should be exercised. There is your personal safety to consider; the safety of your passengers and consideration for other users of the road.

In exercising your choice of a Car there is a good rule for guidance: Experience. And not so much your own experience as the experience of the HUMBER COMPANY which was one of the pioneers of the industry.

This experience has been invaluable and is revealed in the 10-h.p. and 14-h.p. models, full particulars of which will be sent on application.

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A101

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MARVELLOUS PREPARATION

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Invaluable for Toilet Purposes.
Splendid Cleansing Preparation for the Hair.
Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing.
Allays the Irritation caused by Mosquito Bites.
Restores the Colour to Carpets.
Cleans Plate and Jewellery.
Softens Hard Water.

Price 1/4 per Bottle. Of all Grocers, Chemists, Etc.
SCRUBB & CO., Ltd., Guildford St., London, S.E.

The last seven words tell why

Read this tribute from a leading Bank Manager:

Dec. 6, 1918.

YOU will be glad to know that my Waterman's Ideal, after nearly ten years' constant service, is still giving me absolute satisfaction. Indeed, it has become an indispensable companion. The fact that it is still in splendid working order is a proof of the excellence of the pen both in material and workmanship, but then it is a Waterman's Ideal.

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Three types "Self-filling" and "Safety," 15/- and upwards. "Regular," 10/6 and upwards. See also No. 74 "Regular" at

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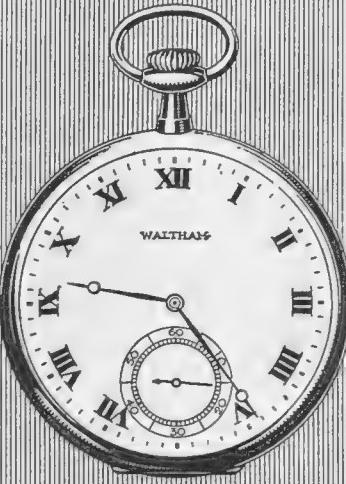
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To obtain the Free Sample just send us a STAMPED envelope—ADDRESSED TO YOURSELF—and write the name of this paper on the inside flap of envelope.

GENATOSAN, LIMITED (Makers of Sanatogen, Formamint, &c.)
12, Chenies St., London, W.C.1. (Chairman: The Viscountess Rhondda)

Continued.

secure tea-tables in restaurants, and drawn up in closely packed groups waiting to pounce on public conveyances, I decided that hoops were not for democratic days, or for hours when the world is in a hurry. Mercy on me! had these dear scramblers and rushers been hooped and farthingaled, powdered and patched, what sights they had been! Hot and red and all over the place, their tempers as sadly disarranged as their costumes!

Outdoor Men and Women.

Four fine weeks do not make a dry summer; we have, during them, almost forgotten such things as umbrellas and weather-proofs. Of a certainty we shall be brought up sharp by thunder plumps, if that has not already happened ere this is in print. It is good, therefore, to remember that one can have really nice clothes, and so can our menkind, which are also shower-proofed. They look what they are—very smart tweeds, cloths, and serges; the secret of their value when Jupiter Pluvius is busy lies in a mark at the back of every yard of the fabric which says "Proofed by Craventte." Outdoor men and women—and we are all outdoors all we can now—depend on the clothes proofed by this wonderful process, and it never lets

them down. For motor-ing they are splendid, because, though rain-proof, they are porous, giving the wearer's body the benefit of the air he or she is driving through.

Immaculate Mufti.

Why are tailors like mushrooms? Because they come up in a night. The rush into mufti has caused this much-forced crop of sartorial endeavour. The man who asked me this riddle proceeded to say they were, most of them, poisonous fungi who turned men out anyhow—he had bad luck, and his manly form was not looking its usual smart self. As I know how well Harry Hall does for my own sex in the special salons at the 207, Oxford Street House, I directed him there, or to 149, Cheapside. I know of officers who have emerged therefrom in immaculate mufti after notice of twenty-four hours. I know women officers who have done likewise, so it is a tip more certain than was any for the Derby. Demand creates undesirable supply, and the poisonous fungi of sartorial art are of it. It is therefore well to be wise in time, brothers and sisters mine, and stick to a firm like Harry Hall.

A NEW CARL ROSA PRIMA-DONNA: MISS AIMÉE KEMBALL, AS MIGNON.

Miss Aimée Kemball is a leading member of the Carl Rosa Opera Company, now at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith. She was "discovered" by Mr. Van Noorden at the "Old Vic," and made her début with the Carl Rosa last summer at the Shaftesbury. She adds to a fine soprano voice a real gift for acting. Her favourite parts are "Madame Butterfly," "Mignon," and "The Daughter of the Regiment." The company goes to Birmingham on the 16th, and will return to London on July 14.



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The TWO
uses of
medicine are:—
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to ward off ills that

may be feared or expected; and CURATIVE, to remove both the cause and effects of such ills, if they have already gained a hold on the system.

URODONAL acts in both capacities, and by seeking out the prime cause, uric acid, and expelling it from the system by natural means, it attains its object in either case, in all such troubles as GOUT, RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, and KIDNEY AILMENTS, and the many other ills that owe their origin to the gradual (and perhaps unsuspected) accumulation of uric acid in the organs whose normal function it is to keep the body continually cleared of the impurities it gathers.

It is unreasonable to expect these organs to perform their allotted duties while clogged with an accumulation of uric acid. Let it be borne in mind that as a solvent of this dangerous poison, URODONAL is 37 times more effective than Lithia.

The regular use of URODONAL safeguards arthritic subjects against the many and varied disorders to which they are liable sooner or later, i.e., nephritic and hepatic colic, rheumatism, gout, gravel, eczema, obesity, asthma, sciatica, urticaria, migraine, arterio-sclerosis, etc.

URODONAL is the safest antiseptic of the Kidneys and Bladder.

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Full descriptive literature sent post free on application to HEPPELLS.



AT THE SAVAGE CLUB BALL: MR. GERALD AMES AND HIS WIFE (MISS MARY DIBLEY) AS RED INDIANS.

Mr. Gerald Ames is very well known as an actor for the films. He is also a master of fence, and recently gave a display at the Japanese Budokwai sports at the Aeolian Hall. He represented England at the Olympic Games.

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Tooth Paste

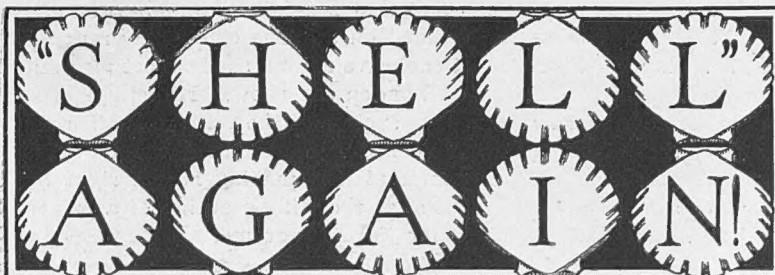
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IT CANNOT INJURE THE ENAMEL.
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Invigorates the gums and, by stimulating circulation, keeps them
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RED CANS!
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EVERYWHERE!
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Phillips' 'Military' SOLES AND HEELS

¶ Thin Rubber Plates, with Raised Studs, to be attached on top of ordinary soles and heels. They make one pair of boots last the time of three. . . .

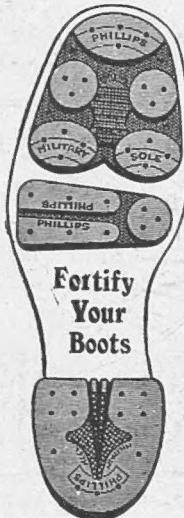
**"Excellent in every
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"a motor - car."**

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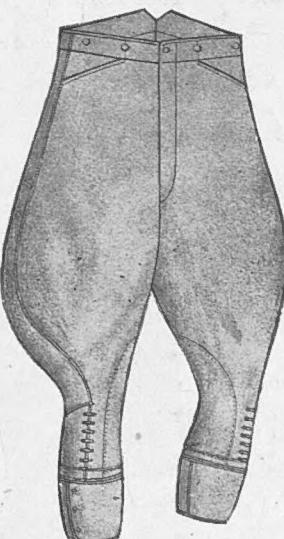
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SOCIETY GOSSIP.

Royal Ascot.

Royal Ascot will also be feathered Ascot this year, and the revived glories of the most fashionable English meeting will be matched, if not eclipsed, by the glories of the gowns that are being prepared for the occasion. One wonders how those who devote their time to designing feminine attire manage to concentrate so much beauty into so little space. The rumour of an edict to "down" stockings, though it has not yet materialised, is still floating round. Beauty specialists, who take no chances, are ready for any emergency that may arise, and are confident that Englishwomen can, if they like, and with the help of art, face the world stockingless with as much confidence as ever Madame de Tallien did with no more assistance than gilded toes could give.

Retiring.

Anglo-Indians read with regret the announcement of Sir Michael O'Dwyer's retirement from the post of Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab. Sir Michael is a strong man, and Indians appreciate a strong man far more than any "concessions" given by Montagu or anyone else. Moreover, he knows the Punjab well; and firmness of character did not rob him of the ability to sympathise with the legitimate political aspirations of the people over whom he ruled.

Varied Experience.

Praise of Sir Michael, who deserves well of his country for his work in a district known as the sword-arm of India, must not be taken to imply censure of his successor. Sir Edward Maclagan has the reputation of being "the most versatile of men." "Extremely varied official experience" is also to his credit. He knows something about the Punjab, where he acted at one time as Chief Secretary. He has yet to prove that "versatility" and "varied experience" are in themselves sufficient qualifications for the strong Governors that conditions in India at the moment require.

A New Dance Club.

Aristocratic Mayfair is adapting itself to changed conditions with an enthusiasm that almost suggests boredom with its previous life, and relief at the prospect of something new. The continuance of jazz fever has helped to complicate the domestic problem. It prevails below as well as above stairs. No wonder that hostesses

are glad to escape from the responsibilities involved in home entertaining, and take refuge in "clubs" where grumbler cease from troubling and surroundings are of the most pleasant type. All of which merely leads up to the fact that Mayfair, like many humbler neighbourhoods, has at last decided on a dance club. "Cyrano's" will, it is claimed, be the most exclusive as well as the most pleasant place in which to dance that London can show. If distinguished supporters count for anything, the success of the venture is assured; and more than one hostess whose conscience is troubled with thoughts of unrequited hospitality is contemplating putting herself right by means of a "party" at Cyrano's, at the trifling outlay of a guinea per head. Ask Keith Prowse for tickets, not me.

Bad Boys, and Others.

"I recollect that in my boyhood I had all the potentialities of the young criminal," says the Dean of Manchester. He is, in that early wickedness, in good company. Let him refer to Wilfrid Blunt's recently published "Diaries," under Aug. 10, 1896: "Luncheon at Lavington with Reginald Wilberforce and his family. I have known Reginald all my life, since we lived at Alverstock, when his father, the Rev. Samuel Wilberforce, afterwards Bishop of Oxford, was Rector of the parish. There were three boys then—Reginald, Ernest (now Bishop of Chichester), and Basil (Chaplain of the House of Commons). They were all three as bad boys as could be wished, and my mother nicknamed them 'the sons of Eli.' Ernest, with whom I was at school, was an especially wicked boy, which is saying a good deal, but now justly respected and a Right Reverend Father in God." Mr. Blunt does not confine his indictments to schoolboys, and one may meet in his "Diaries" a number of illustrious grown-up "criminals" who pass, in "Who's Who" and elsewhere, as upright and faithful servants of the State. That, perhaps, is why the "Diaries" are more amusing reading than "Who's Who."

The Colours in Hyde Park.

Though shorn of some of its ceremonial, the business of the Trooping of the Colour in the new setting of Hyde Park was still an impressive affair. Next year, maybe, the bearskins and scarlet will be revived, and possibly the whole ceremony take place on the Horse Guards Parade once more. From the point of view of sound the Parade has advantages over the spot selected this year. The music of the bands was more or less "lost" in space.

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but, hang it, he's got all my

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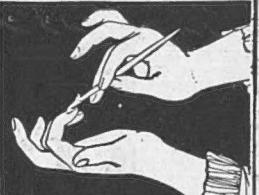
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